Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 1, 1832. Whole No. 592.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 12 HUDSON'S ALLEY,
A few doors South of 118 Chesnut street.

TERMS.—$2 50, if paid during the year.
2 75 00, if paid in advance.
3 00 00, if not paid during the year.
1 25, for six months.

Papers Discontinued only at the option of the publisher while arrearages are due.

*** Small sums of Solvent Banks received at par value for subscriptions, &c. by mail.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

I GO TO THE DARK AND SILENT TOMB.

I go to the dark and silent tomb,
To rest in the deep blue sky—
Long, long have I pined for that happy home,
Where sorrow and grief can never come,
And my hour at length draws nigh.

The sun can that is glittering still in the west,
Shall now shed its departing ray,
My soul it shall soar to the realms of the blest,
And its pulses be still in the infant's rest,
When a gently reclining in its mother's breast,
And in sweetest sleep drift away.

As the slumbering waves of the beautiful sea,
Where the storm in its wrath has passed by,
So the light wind's gentle breathing the surface's fair face,
In the jetsome waves hast thou been unto me;
Thou hast withered the hopes that were fondest then
Yet calmly I bless thee and die.

I shrowed thee in hope, as the shadows of woe
Or me pass, and its dark'ning power;
When my visions were bright as the rainbow's bow,
It is beautiful course in the value below;
And my slumbering spirit will bless thee now,
In my lowly dying hour.

JULIA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

By L. H. M.

Oh, what was Love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through sorrow—through glory and shame?
I know not—I ask not if pride's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee—whatever thou art.
Moore.

"That is the way I wish to be loved by!" exclaimed Laura Graham, passionately dashing down the book as she read the above lines, "I wish my grandfather had died a pauper, rather than have left me that hateful fortune; I wish I had the small-pox and a hump on my back, sooner than be loved as a plaster of Paris doll, for my white and red complexion; I should be delighted if my father had driven an ash-cart and my mother sold truck, because I should not have been then courted for my family respectability."

"Gently, gently, my dear," replied her aunt, looking up from her knitting, with a benevolent smile, "what has so suddenly convinced you that fortune, beauty, and birth, are unwelcome appendages?"

"Oh, aunt, because I want to be loved for myself—to be loved as I could love in return—where the beauty of an Antinous or the ugliness of a Gorgon could nothing change the purity of affection—when it would be equally unchanging and true in a royal palace or an Esquimaux hut—a love that would rise superior to poverty and sorrow—that would exist through neglect, disease, distance, and death."

Aunt Greyville laid down her stocking, placed the several needles in their proper place, pulled on her mittens, and prepared to reply.

"Laura, you talk more like a romantic, boarding school miss, than a sensible girl as you are; depend upon it, though you may be loved well enough without, all these et ceteras will greatly heighten the attachment."

"Then, I wont marry at all!" said Laura pettishly.

"Hear me out, and don't interrupt, for that's not masterly. I say your first position is silly and unnatural; but your last is positively wicked. The love which could continue the same through a conviction of unworthiness and dishonor, is too characteristic of an ill organized mind to be desired or prized."

Now, Aunt Greyville was fond of making long speeches, with neatly turned off periods; but her nieces sometimes thought them rather tiresome, and just now, very particularly so—so she just repeated, in a low voice, to herself—

"I know what I ask and it can't be that heart,
I but know that I love thee—whatever thou art."

"Very well, Laura; I know that young ladies generally retain their own opinions, whether opposed to the advice of their seniors or not; but is it on the account of Major Dunwoodie that you seem so anxious?"

"No, indeed!—Major Dunwoodie loves my hair much too much for me to love him at all."

"It is then for your cousin, Washington Merton, that your feelings are interested; and I rejoice to think your choice so sensible."

"Aunt," said Laura, hesitatingly, "don't you think Mr. Merton has too much sense to love very violently?"

"That is a poor compliment to love, Laura."

"Well, I don't exactly mean sense, but judgment—no, nor yet precisely judgment—only a cold reasoning discernment, that is very foreign to warmth of feeling."

"I fear, my dear, you have taken that idea from the rhapsodical passion of that haughty Englishman whom you do very wrong to encourage at all."

"And why, aunt?" asked Laura, quickly, with a reddening cheek. Mrs. Greyville looked attentively at her niece over her spectacles, then shook her head.

"Oh! I see, this Honorable Mr. Walsingham is at the head of the table, and I am sorry for it; depend upon it, that imperious man will never suit with that moderation and gentleness, that desirable consistency, so requisite to insure the happiness of the wedded life—ahem."

A knock at the door stopt the answer of Laura Graham. "It is Washington Merton and his sister; aunt, if you love me, do not contradict what I say, be it what it will—I am resolved to know how far I am loved for myself or for my money."

When the first salutations were past, Laura bent down her head attentively over a small writing case near her, and seemed as if much engrossed by the contents of an open letter.

"Does that note contain tickets for Miss Kemble's benefit, that it engrosses you so?" asked Mr. Merton, with a smile.

"No, it is of rather more consequence; it is a petition to advance a sum of money for placing Lieutenant Family in business westward."

"Are you acquainted with the persons?" asked her cousin.

"Not at all, but I hear the man has been very unprudent."

"What capital do they ask?" gravely inquired he.

"Ten thousand dollars. Would you advise my doing it?"

"Most assuredly not; it would be the act of a madman."

"Is money, then," asked Laura, contemptuously, "of more value than humanity?"

"No, not if it were humanity; but money is a heavy charge committed to your care, and you are responsible for its prudent and useful appropriation."

"But my heart is not upon this; I am deeply interested for the family, and shall be myself the loser in denying them."

"Then do it by all means, Miss Graham," said Walsingham, who had entered unobserved behind her, "the Philadelphia look is not worth as much as your slightest wish; let the one be refused and welcome, but not the smallest desire."

"Mr. Walsingham! when did you come in?" said Laura Graham said the words with a faltering voice, "will you support this silly fancy of mine, even at the risk of a ten thousand dollar loss?"

Walsingham gazed with unrestrained admiration on the sweet confusion she raised in him, and said, in a low tone, "Aye, at the risk of every dollar you own; it would be my gain, for I would love you far dearer without than with it."

"But my prudent friend here, says no," said Laura, turning away to conceal the glow of pleasure that rushed over her brow. Washington Merton marked the glance, and felt a pang to his inmost heart, but it could not shake his principle.

"Undoubtedly, Miss Graham, I should be unworthy to call myself your friend, if I did not tell you that in squandering away your money, you violate the will of the venerable man who left it you, and prove yourself an unfaithful stewardess in the sight of God."

Laura turned away coldly at his words, and Aunt Greyville gave a long groan. "Dear me," said Miss Merton, "you talk so much about this nonsensical family, that I have not had time to ask you what you will wear at Mrs. Dashaway's ball?"

"It is of little enough consequence," said Aunt Greyville, with some asperity, "what she wears, she is driving hard down the road to ruin, and a fine gown will never cover an aching heart."

* * * * *

"What, is not Laura dressed for Mrs. Dashaway's," said the Hon. Mr. Walsingham to Mrs. Greyville, in the evening of the same day; she has been above two hours at her toilette, and every one will be taking leave as she goes in."

"No wonder," replied Aunt Greyville, crossly, "she has pulled down her hair five times, and broken her pearl bandeau by flinging it at Maurita's head."

"Indeed! she is not over amiable, then, this evening?"

"Mercy on me, no; I can't say a word, but she catches me up like a snapping turtle; look at her again, why what is the matter now, Laura."

"What is the matter, indeed!" exclaimed Laura, flouncing into the room with a crimsoned face, holding up the blonde on her satin dress all torn to pieces; "enough is the matter; that good for nothing, stupid foot of a mantua-maker has left the blonde too low on my dress, and I have put my foot on it and torn it."

Washington Merton, who was sitting quietly reading at the other end of the room, looked up with grave surprise.

"Do not let so trifling, so trumpery a circumstance discompose you, Miss Graham," said Walsingham, rising to meet her.

"Trifling do you think it! pray, what am I to do for a dress?"

"Have you none other? the simpler the better—' for beauty unadorned is adorned the most,' you know."

"I know fiddlesticks," interrupted the young lady, in no very amiable tone. "I won't go if I am not the best dressed in the room; I know this blonde would have given that envious creature, Susan Wouldbeane, a heartsch, and that's why I bought it. for it cost twenty dollars a yard."

Merton rose and took his hat.

"Pray, where are you going?" demanded Laura.

"Where I may not see you disgrace yourself by conduct unworthy of a lady and a rational being," replied he, severely.

"I think, Mr. Merton, you presume upon your relationship," said Walsingham, haughtily.—"Come, Miss Graham, banish your anger, and the only harm done will be the ruffling of your lovely brow with a shade; if the United States can supply your loss, it shall not be for long."

"Don't go, Washington," said Mrs. Greyville, "Alas! Laura never needed your friendship more than now, for all this deceit and ill humor is only—"

"Very true," interrupted Laura, hurriedly, and casting a beseeching look towards her aunt; "it is only preliminary to asking your advice and assistance upon a very troublesome affair."

"Laura," answered Washington, with a softened tone, "you know you may command me in any thing for your service."

"Will not Miss Graham honor me with her commands," said Walsingham reproachfully.

"Either, its no great matter," answered Laura, with a flirting air, "you must know that that 'dear, delightful, treacherous thing, Ecarté,' has played me false, and I lost a horrible load of money the other night at Madame Ombre's."

"Great God!" cried her cousin, "can it be Laura Graham that I hear speaking?"

"What matters it, dearest girl," said Walsingham, "play is fashionable, ever; lady of fun plays Ecarté."

"Variety is charming," continued Laura, gaily, "and really the contrast between you two is quite amusing; but you must know my dividends were all drawn, I had not a cent belonging to my name, and so I let Madame Ombre raise the money from some broker on my bill, bond, or some such thing; and I want it to be paid—that's my distress."

"Laura, Laura Graham! did I ever expect to hear you own yourself a gamester, and see you behave like a coquette and a virago? Fare you well, madam; I will not interfere to aid you through an affair so dishonorable—nor, much as I have loved you, will I see you again until you are properly repentant, and ashamed of your conduct."

"Mr. Merton, you must answer to me for this insolence to Miss Graham; no man shall dare to offend her while I am by," said Mr. Walsingham, proudly.

"Duelling, sir," replied Merton, with cold dignity, "is against my principles; but when I know your claim to be Miss Graham's champion, I will account to you for my words. Laura, I leave you with pity rather than anger: farewell."

"Stop, nephew," cried aunt Greyville, "it's not true, I tell you; don't be a fool, Laura's the best girl in Philadelphia."

"I thought so once: farewell, aunt."

There was something of manly pride—of open, honorable dignity,—in the cold, reproving manner of her cousin, that struck to Laura's heart; in spite of her oft repeated assertions, she felt his conduct to be that of dignity and honor, and the thought of how proud that man's wife might be of him, rose unconsciously in her mind."

"Come, dear Laura! do banish that troubled look—it impairs that beauty of which I am so proudly, so passionately fond. Come, think not of the past."

"I wonder, Walsingham," said Laura, thoughtfully, "if you would love me, were I very ugly."

"I love an ugly woman! no indeed: but you—ah! never shall I be tired—give me but this little hand, and I will triumphantly present you at the court of England, where every jaded belle and made up dowager shall tremble at the sight of your surpassing loveliness! Say yes,—sweet Laura."

"To-morrow I will answer that important question; and now for Mistress Dashaway's."

* * * * *

Who in Philadelphia does not kow Doctor ——? Who has not some time or other been under his gentle influence, and felt his soft, persuasive manners almost as efficacious as his prescriptions? How many young damsels have assured him that the pain in their sides was not from tight lacing—how many portly old bon vivants have declared that turtle soup and Madeira had nothing to say to their gout; yet been both persuaded to give them up by his gentlemanly eloquence. Oh! what a jewel is a doctor like him—*Physic* itself becomes delightful when he is by. It was at this learned gentleman's door that ring-ding-ding went the bell before breakfast, the morning after Mrs. Dashaway's ball. The Doctor was wanted immediately at Mrs. Greyville's in Chesnut street, for Miss Graham was taken dangerously ill." Now Miss Graham was a favorite, and had been since she was as high as the table; so away went the Doctor, with an unfinished breakfast. "Why, my dear lady, what is the matter?" asked he of Mrs. Greyville.

"Oh! Doctor—here's a fine ado—here's a silly piece of business; but Laura will tell you. My belief that she is gone stark, staring mad, with all her lovers."

"Is that all?" said the Doctor, with a quiet smile, "well, I will go in and settle this monomania."

Mrs. Greyville pursed up her mouth like the strings of a miss's purse, just with a sort of declaring look that she would hold her tongue in despite of temptation.

The Doctor entered Miss Graham's room; it was darkened, and she was in bed, folded up in the white linen that was not purer than herself; her eye was closed with tears, but it shone through it as brightness like a star reflected in a sleeping stream; her cheek was glowing like the sunset of a foreign clime, while a fair tress of hair lay cloudlike shading its richness.

"Why, pretty Laura, my little, gentle god-daughter, what is the matter? Is your lap-dog sick, or did not the last dress fit as well as usual?"

"Oh! dear Doctor, I am so glad you are here. I have something very particular to say to you—I am not ill, but I want to be so."

"That's a singular fancy."

"Not at all. Listen to me, and I will tell you all."

"Mercy on me," said Dr. —— when he had heard all that Laura had to say, "what a silly, romantic child you are; but, like all women, you must I suppose have your own way, and live the longer. Love you for yourself, do you say—why loving you for your pretty face is loving you for yourself, isn't it?"

"Oh! no—for were I to lose it after marriage, I should lose his affections also. Do, dear Doctor, screw me in this one thing, will you?"

"Oh, yes! I will see him, and tell him as many lies as you please. He is below, I hear—and now for it."

"Great God! what do I hear, Doctor," said Walsingham, as the Doctor entered the parlor, "has Miss Graham in reality the small-pox?"

"Ahem!" answered the Doctor, consequentially, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and generously returning a portion to his handkerchief, "do you take Irish blackguard, sir?"

"Answer me, pray! can it be possible that—"

"Are you afraid of infection, Mr. Walsingham? Because the symptoms are very strong."

"Good God! said he, retreating, "and will it injure her beauty?"

"Life is before beauty, sir," answered the Doctor, solemnly, "she may die beautiful, if the corruption strikes inward, or live homely if the contrary; but I hope and believe that the last is most probable. What signifies her beauty, if she do but recover."

"Why will you say so? Not signify—good God, it signifies more than money, health, or even life. To be ploughed up by small-pox—to be seamed and pitted like a country wench!"

Oh! that will be certain; there is an idiosyncracy about small-pox that gives no hope of sparing the face. Wont you come up and see her—take some vinegar, you had better, Mr. Walsingham?"

"No—I—it will but hurt my feelings. Poor Laura, is it possible!"

"Madam Greyville, have you any chlorate of lime?" said the Doctor, "there seems to me infection in this air."

"Do you think so," and the elegant Walsingham made for the door, "for the present, farewell; I will call or send regularly; are you quite sure that Laura's face is ruined, Doctor?"

"Certain—if you will see her, you will soon perceive it to be the case."

"What a pity! Good morning, Doctor; Mrs. Greyville, your servant."

"Good morning to you, sir—for a cold-hearted scoundrel," added the benevolent Doctor, as the door closed, "not one cent would I give for that lover of Laura's; but hallos—here he comes back again, I suppose—mercy on the bell—what an uproar."

"Speak!—for the sake of God! how—how is Laura?" exclaimed Washington Merton, rushing into the room, with an appearance of the deepest emotion.

"She's got the small-pox dreadfully," grunted the Doctor. "God forgive the lie," added he aside, "as indeed heavens! and her life, is it in danger? Oh God, say that her life is not endangered, and I will bless you."

"Well, I hope not; but her beauty is lost entirely."

"Is her blessed life safe."

"I guess so," responded the Doctor.

"God Almighty bless you, sir," exclaimed Washington, wringing his hand and bursting into tears, "let, oh let me see her—I am her cousin, and—Doctor I am a fool—but let me see Laura."

"Why, you make me a fool, too, I think," replied the worthy medical man, "a great fellow like you should be ashamed to sniffle like a girl; something more than cousinship here, I guess."

"No," he replied, with a heavy sigh, "unless you call me her brother. Let me go to Laura."

"Great danger of contagion," insinuated the Doctor.

"Curse the contagion! lead on, in mercy."

"Patience, patience, this way! mercy on me! here's a fuss!"

* * * * *

"What brings you here, nephew Washington," asked Aunt Greyville, with a pleasant smile, as, about six weeks after, Merton entered the elegant little cottage at Bristol, where she and her niece had removed to; "you know Laura wont see you, she can't bear to show her face, altered and disfigured as it is by this ravaging disorder."

"Is it possible she can be so foolish with me; oh aunt, I have heard this day news dearer to my heart than if the wealth of the world were mine. Madame Ombre told me that Laura's account of herself as a gamester, was merely a joke, as I verily believe were her violent airs also. Oh! aunt, think you that Laura loves Walsingham?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Principally from a deep interest in her happiness; for alas! he left Philadelphia last week for England."

"We know it, my dear boy; and rest sure that the cold, selfish creature carried with him nothing of Laura's regrets, but that she should ever have preferred him to one whom trial has but displayed in sterling characters; but here is Laura, let her tell you so herself."

Miss Graham entered at the moment, she was closely veiled and trembled slightly.

"Laura, my cousin—my ever loved, and now more than ever dear Laura, why conceal your features from me, their change can never change my heart; you are, always must be, lovelier to me than any living creature."

He drew aside her veil, and her sweet face beamed upon him lovely as ever, and beaming with soft sensibility and grateful affection.

"Washington Merton," she said, "you loved me when you thought me plain and despised by others, but not beauty nor riches could gild misconduct in your eyes. Such as I am—I am yours if you will have me—I have many faults, but you will correct them with steadiness and gentleness—I was very romantic in planning this essay of affection, but never while I live, shall I regret having made '*the test of Love.*'"

Written for the Casket.

THE BLIND POET.

By Mrs. Jane E. Loche.

The light of the day, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
The light of the pleasant day;
And the glorious things I gazed upon,
Are passed from my sight away:
And the brightness of the summer beam,
No longer it gilds my morning dream.

And the beauty of the hill and plain,
And the broad old woodland spot,
With evergreens boughs; and the rustling grain
Are passed, and I see them not.
And the gorgeous clouds, as they float along,
In their airy path of light and song.

And 'tis darkness, where the murmuring stream
Comes trickling from rocks sublime,
And stops in their caves to tell its dream,
Of the things of olden time:
Oh that is a sight 'twere joy to see—
Alas, my age, 'tis no more for me.

'Tis darkness around the sunniest grove,
Where I swept my classic lyre
To songs of youth, and my boyhood's loves,
And burned with a poet's fire.

They stand there still, in their loftiness,
But their pride no more my sight will bless.

The fair, bright world—it has passed away,
With its beauty, strength, and power—
And the tender smile that inspired the lay
Of my manhood's glorious hour:
That cherished smile, it was bliss to me,
But no more it shadows my destiny.

Loved harp of my youth, I'll cast thee down,
For the magic of thy song
Has passed from my soul; thy spell has flown
With the gay, and fair, and strong:
The beautiful and the bright are crushed,
And well may thy lifting tones be hushed.

Sixth Street Baptist Church,

CINCINNATI.

Cincinnati, a large commercial city, on the north bank of the Ohio river, and one of the most flourishing emporiums of the great western valley, contains a number of edifices, distinguished not less by a refined taste in architecture, than by a great degree of enterprise on the part of the people. The growth of Cincinnati, as a city, has been rapid, almost without a parallel. In 1800 the population was 500—in 1830 it had increased to 26,515. Its position is in a beautiful vale, twelve miles in circumference, created by an eliptical sweep of the Ohio hills, from the summit of any of which the town is distinctly presented to the eye, and spreads a panoramic map of exquisite beauty and variety.

The public buildings of Cincinnati are—a Court-house, Jail, four Market-houses, one of them five hundred feet in length, the Bazaar, U. S. Branch Bank, the Cincinnati College, the Catholic Athenæum, the Medical College, the Mechanics' Institute, two Theatres, Hospital and Lunatic Asylum of Cincinnati, a twenty-four School. The are of respectable appearance. The business part of the town contains several handsome buildings, used as stores and manufacturing establishments; in twenty-four of the latter the manufacturing operations are aided by steam power. There are thirty-four charitable societies organized in the city.

The Sixth street Baptist Church, of which the above engraving presents a view, is a beautiful building, situated at the corner of Walnut and 6th streets, in the central part of the city. The handsome finish of the exterior may be regarded as a specimen of the improving architectural taste of the growing west. The breadth of the edifice in front is fifty-five feet, and the depth seventy feet. The material in the front of the church is a fine imitation of granite; to the appearance of which much effect is given by a plain iron railing before the church.

The edifice was commenced in 1830, and finished in 1832.

The number of communicants is large, and the worshipping congregation highly respectable. The pastor of the church is the Reverend Samuel W. Lynd, formerly of Philadelphia, a gentleman distinguished no less by piety and eloquence in the pulpit, than by literary attainments and an ardent devotion to the spiritual welfare of his auditors.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

As onward press'd by gentle breeze,
The ship glides proudly o'er the seas,
And leaves no path or trace behind,
So heedless pass with rapid flight,
And sink in dark oblivion's night,
The fleeting visions of the mind.

But when the storms in fury sweep
The bosom of the raving deep,
And sink the ship beneath the main;
Still may some plank float on to show
The wreck that's buried far below,
The only vestige of the slain.

And thus perchance in after years,
When joys and griefs, and smiles and tears,
Have almost hid me from thy view;
E'en then this page may haply claim
To claim from thee a passing glance,
And I shall be remembered too.

S.

Harper's Ferry, Va., Oct. 24th, 1832.

From the New-Hampshire Observer.

A MOTHER'S PARTING ADDRESS TO HER DYING BABE.

Heavenly Treasure, only lent me,
Must thou hence so soon depart!
Death, that bold relentless Monster!
Must he rend thee from my heart!
Sweetest treasure,
Must he rend thee from my heart!

Lovely babe, to heaven aspiring,
There to chase thy Maker's praise,
All thy parents' fondest wishes,
Can they not prolong thy days!
Heavenly Father,
How mysterious are thy ways!

Yes, my heavenly Father's pleasure
Calls me to resign the prize,
To the arms of Him who gave it
Bound to mansions in the skies.
I resign it,
Bound to mansions in the skies.

All submissive I surrender
To the pleasure of my God,
While I share his richest blessings
Shall I murmur at his rod?
Heaven forbid it!
Shall I murmur at his rod?

Swift the wheels of time are rolling,
Quickly all our griefs are o'er,
Then above the skies we join thee,
Boundless goodness to adore.
How delightful!
Boundless goodness to adore.

Earth and all her prospects leaving,
Soaring to the courts above,
Sweetly, O how sweetly breathing,
Zephyrs of celestial love.
How refreshing!
Zephyrs of celestial love.

Hebron, N. H. July 14, 1832.

OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS,

OR THE PEEPING LODGER.

The story is a relation of his own occupations and discoveries. He commences the tale by informing us that he had wholly exhausted all his sources of entertainment on a rainy day, and then for variety resorted to the worthy relaxation of spying out his neighbours. He had just discovered that the best of the dwellings near him on the other side of the street had had the bill taken down, as a new tenant was coming in. His curiosity was therefore likely to be gratified with new objects. The story has a good moral—but the reader must not be detained from it.

"The houses opposite were worse than no houses at all; for one was inhabited by an old and infirm lady, who had no visitors but an M. D., an apothecary, and a man in a shovel hat. The other house contained only an elderly and very quiet couple, who had not near so much variety as a clock; they never stopt—never went too fast or too slow—never wanted winding up—they went of themselves—their breakfast and dinner bells rang daily to a minute at half past eight and at six o'clock—their fat coachman and fat horses came to the door precisely at 2 o'clock to take them out, always to the Regent's Park, and drove twice round the office circle. I took care to inquire into that fact. I ascertained too for certain, that they had a leg of mutton for dinner every Tuesday and Friday, and fish three times a week, including Sundays, on which day too the butcher always brought roasting beef: always the thick part of the sirloin. What could I do with such people as these? I gave them up as hopeless.

Preparations for the reception of a family in my favourite house now went on with great spirit; a thorough internal cleaning and scouring on the first day: on the second, all the windows were cleaned. I could stand it no longer, and snatching up my hat, I just stepped over precipitously to ask the maid who was washing the steps, by whom the house was taken. She was a stupid, ignorant, country girl, and did not seem at all alive to the interest attaching to her examination. I however discovered that the house was taken by a baronet, and that his family consisted of his lady and one child (a boy) and his wife's sister.

I took a few turns in the park, and just as I tapped at my own door, I determined I would make no further inquiries concerning the expected family: no, it would be infinitely more interesting to discover every thing by my own penetration and ingenuity; it would be a nice employment for me, for I was dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and would keep me from falling asleep.

I began now to count the hours. I was afraid of stirring from the windows lest the strangers should escape my vigilance, and arrive unknown to me. I even dined in my study, and here, by the way, I must let the reader into a little secret. I had a large wire blind fixed on one of my windows, behind which I could stand and direct my inquiries, unseen by any body, though few within range were unseen by me.

A few days past slowly on. Muslin curtains were put up, not *blinds*, fortunately for me, (I have a moral antipathy to blinds to any windows but my own) boxes of mignionette appeared in every window. A cart from Colville's, in the King's road, filled with Persian lilacs, moss roses, and heliotropes, unloaded its sweets at the door. They had then a rural taste: country people perhaps; and I sighed as I figured to myself a bevy of plump rosy misses, in pink and green, and one or two young squires, in green coats and top boots. The arrival, whatever it might be, must be drawing very near—nearer and nearer—for a respectable looking, middle-aged woman had stolen a march on me; I never could make that out, for I had never seen her arrive. Two or three maids also were flitting about, and a gentleman out of livery appeared, now at the area, and now at the hall-door, superintending the unpacking of a grand piano-forte from Broadwood's; then arrived a cart from Brecknell and Turner, wax-chandlers in the Haymarket; and one from Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly, with divers other carts and packages of minor consideration. Then came hackney coaches with servants and coloured paper-boxes—smart looking maids in Leghorn bonnets and drab shawls, and footmen in dark green, and very plain liveries. The family could not be far behind. At last, about four o'clock the fish arrived; a turbot and two fine lobsters for sauce. I can be on my oath it was not a brill, and fish was very dear that morning, for I inquired; therefore that could not be for the servants; Sir Charles and family must be close at hand.

I remained rooted to the window, and was soon rewarded for my patient investigation, by hearing, at about six o'clock, a carriage driving rapidly up the street from Park-lane. It was them actually. A green travelling carriage, all over imperials, stopped at the door in good earnest, most beautifully splashed with mud: no arms, only a bird for the crest; four post horses, and a maid and man servant in the rumble. The hall doors were thrown open in an instant, and the gentleman out of livery, with two of his colleagues, flew out to assist the ladies to alight. First of all, a gentleman—Sir Charles of course—made his appearance, tall, and very distinguished looking, dressed in a brown frock coat, and a dark fur travelling cap, and apparently about thirty years of age. Next came a lady, who skipped out very lightly, and who seemed rather in a hurry to see the new abode; that was the *sister*. She was thin, and very graceful, and wrapped in a white cashmere, with rather a narrow border; her features were hidden from my view, as she wore one of those plaguey large, coarse, straw bonnets, tied down with white satin ribbons; two bows, and the edges cut in vandykes. Another lady then descended more slowly and carefully, and as she watched the alighting of a nurse who had deposited a fine rosy boy about a twelvemonth old, into the arms of Sir Charles, I observed that she was evidently about to increase her family; therefore, I had already ascertained, beyond a doubt, which was the wife, and which was the wife's sister. The doors then closed, and I saw no more that evening, excepting that the lamp was lit in the dining room, and the shutters closed at seven o'clock, and then in the gloom I saw three figures descend the stairs, from which I concluded they all went to dinner; besides the turbot, they had house-lamb and asparagus.

The next morning, while dressing, I espied the sister, whom I shall call Ellen, standing on the balcony, admiring and arranging the flowers. The morning was beautiful and very light, so that I had a perfect view of her. It was impossible that a more lovely creature could be seen. She appeared not more than sixteen or seventeen: indeed, from the extreme plainness of her dress, I suspected she had not quite left the school-room. She was rather above the middle height, very slight and graceful, bright and beautiful, with long, light, auburn curls, and a very patrician air about her. Had I been young and romantic, I should most assuredly have fallen in love on the instant, as she stooped over the balcony, with a most enchanting air, smiling and kissing her hand to the baby, whom his nurse, at that moment, carried out of the hall-door for an early walk in the park.

Presently she was joined by her sister, whom I shall call Lady Seymour, and who evidently came to summon her to breakfast. She appeared about twenty-five or twenty-six years old; pale, interesting, and beautiful; had a mild and pensive, I almost thought a melancholy look, and seemed very quiet and gentle in all her movements.

I should have been inclined to fall in love with her too, if she had not been a married woman, and I had not seen Ellen first; but Ellen was by far the more beautiful of the two fair sisters,—the most striking, the more animated, and I always admired animation, for it argues inquiry, and from inquiry springs knowledge. The ladies lingered, and stooped down to inhale the fragrance of their flowers, until Sir Charles appeared to summon them, and the whole trio descended to breakfast, Lady Seymour leaning on the arm of her husband, and Ellen skipping down before them. Sir Charles was very handsome, very tall, and very dignified-looking. Nothing could be more promising than the appearance of the whole party. I was delighted with the prospect; no more gaping over newspapers; adieu *ennui*, here was food for reflection. My mind was now both actively and usefully employed, and a transition from idleness to useful occupation is indeed a blessing.

Days flew on, and I gradually gathered much important and curious information. The Seymours had many visitors; a vast proportion of coronetted carriages among them, went regularly to the Opera. I could not make out who was Ellen's harp-master; but Crivelli taught her singing, from which I argued their good taste. She went out to evening parties; I concluded therefore that she had only just *come out*, and was still pursuing her education. A green britchka and chariot were in requisition for both ladies, as the day was fine; or otherwise; a dark cab with a green page attended Sir Charles on some days, on others he rode a bay horse with black legs and a star on his forehead. With respect to the general habits of the family, they were early risers, and dined at 8 o'clock. The beautiful baby was the pet of both ladies, and lived chiefly in the drawing-room; and I observed that Ellen frequently accompanied him and his nurse in their early walks, attended by a footman.

The Seymours occupied the whole of my time; I gave up all parties for the present, on the score of business, and I assure you it was quite as much as one person could do conveniently to look to them. From discoveries I made, the family speedily became very interesting to me, I may say painfully interesting. Now I am not at all given to romance or high-flying notions, seeing that I am but seldom known to invent any thing; what I am about to relate, may safely be relied on as the result of an accurate, though painful investigation.

Before communicating these discoveries to my readers, I pause, even on the threshold. I have endeavoured to bespeak their interests for the fair Ellen, as I felt a deep one for myself; but, truth must out, it is my duty.

From the first day of the arrival of the Seymours, as I shall continue to designate them, I had been struck by the evident dejection of Lady Seymour. I frequently observed her, when alone, bury her face in her hands, as she leant upon a small table beside the couch on which she sat.

The work, or the book, or the pencil—for she drew—was invariably thrown aside when her husband or her young sister quitted the apartment. The fine little baby seemed her greatest pleasure. He was a wild, struggling little fellow, full of health and spirits, almost too much for her delicate frame, and apparently weak state of health. She could not herself nurse him long together, but I observed that the nurse was very frequently in the room with her, and that the fond mother followed and watched her little darling almost constantly. She was surrounded by luxuries,—by wealth. Her husband, in appearance at least, was one whom all women must admire; one of whom a wife might feel proud; she had a beautiful child; she was young, lovely, titled. What then could be the cause of this dejection? What could it be? I redoubled my attention: I was the last to retire and the first to rise. I determined to discover this mystery.

One morning I discerned her weeping—weeping bitterly. Her bed-room was in the front of the house; she was walking backwards and forwards between the window and the opened folding-doors, her handkerchief at her eyes. At first I thought she might have the tooth-ache,—not being given as I before said to romance: then I suspected her confinement was about to take place,—but no, that could not be. No Mr. Blagden near for more than a week; at which I was rather surprised. She was evidently and decidedly weeping: I ascertained that beyond a doubt. A flash of light beamed across my mind: I have it! thought I,—perhaps her husband's affections are estranged. Could it be possible? Husbands are wayward things: I felt glad that I was not a husband.

A kind of disagreeable and tormenting suspicion at that moment strengthened my belief; a suspicion that,—how shall I speak it?—perhaps he might love the beautiful Ellen. I tried to banish the idea; but circumstances lightly passed over before, returned now in crowds to my recollection to confirm me in it. From that moment I renewed my observations daily, and with still increased vigilance, and was obliged to come to the painful conclusion that my suspicions were not only but too well founded with regard to Sir Charles, but that Ellen returned his passion. Yes, she was romantically in love with the husband of her sister! I seldom find myself wrong in my opinions, yet, in this case, I would willingly have given five hundred pounds to feel sure that I was in error. Such was the interest with which the extreme beauty, the vivacity and grace of the youthful Ellen had inspired me. Here then was food for philosophy as well as reflection. Who shall say that inquiries are impertinent, when such facts as these can be elicited. Had it not been for me—such is the apathy of people about what does not concern them—a base husband, an artful intriguing sister, might still have maintained a fair face to the world, but I was determined to cut the matter short, and open the eyes of the deluded wife as to the real extent of her injury. Honour compelled me to it. Let not the reader think me rash,—I will explain the circumstances which influenced my conviction. Oh, Ellen! how have I been deceived in thee! How hast thou betrayed a too susceptible heart.

Sir Charles was an M. P., which my ingenuity enabled me to make sure of. He frequently returned late from the debates in the House. The weather grew warm, and the shutters were always left open till the family retired for the night. Their lamps were brilliant, and I could discern the fair Ellen peeping over the balustrades of the staircase, and lingering and waiting on the landing-place, evidently on the look out for an anxiously expected arrival. Then the cab of Sir Charles would stop at the door—his well-known knock would be heard, and Ellen would fly with the lightness of a fairy to meet him as he ascended the stairs. He would then fold her in his arms, and they would enter the drawing-room together; yet, before they did so, five or ten minutes' *tete-a-tete* frequently took place on the landing, and the arm of Sir Charles was constantly withdrawn from the waist of Ellen, before they opened the drawing-room door and appeared in the presence of the poor neglected wife, whom he greeted with no embrace, as he took his seat beside her on the sofa.

For some time I set down the *empressement* of Ellen to meet Sir Charles as that of a lively and affectionate girl to greet her sister's husband, in the manner she would receive her own brother. I was soon obliged to think differently.

When Ellen played on the harp, which she did almost daily, Sir Charles would stand listening beside her, and would frequently imprint a kiss on her beautiful brow, gently lifting aside the curls which covered it; but this never took place when Lady Seymour was in the room—mark that—no, not in a single instance. Sir Charles sometimes sat reading in a chair, near the drawing-room window, and would, as Ellen passed him, fondly draw her towards him and hold her hands, while he appeared to converse with her in the most animated manner. If the door opened, and the poor wife came in, the hands were instantly released.

As the spring advanced, the appearance of Lady Seymour, and more frequent visits of Mr. Blagden, led me to suppose her confinement drew near; she became later in rising in the morning, and Sir Charles and Ellen almost constantly took a very early *tete-a-tete* walk in the Park, from which they usually returned long before Lady Seymour made her appearance in the drawing-room.

A very handsome man, with a viscount's coronet on his cab, was a frequent visiter in Upper-Brook street. I doubted not but that he was an admirer of and suitor to the fair Ellen. Yet she slighted him; he was entirely indifferent to her: otherwise why did she so often leave the drawing-room during his very long morning visits, and sit reading in the window of a room up stairs, or playing with the baby in the nursery, leaving her sister to entertain him? The reason was too evident; cruel and heartless Ellen! My heart bled more and more for the poor wife; I absolutely began to hate Ellen.

At length closed bed-room shutters, hurry and bustle, cart-loads of straw, and the galloping chariot of Mr. Blagden, announced the accouchment of Lady Seymour. All seemed happily over before the house was closed for the night.

Sir Charles and Ellen were in the drawing-room together. The lady's maid rushed into the apartment; I almost fancied I her exclaim, 'My lady is safe, and a fine boy.' So well did the deceitful Ellen act her joy, she clasped her hands together, and then, in apparent delight of her heart, she shook hands with the maid, who left the room directly. My heart was relenting towards her, as she was flying to follow the woman, no doubt with the intention of hastening to the bed-side of her sister; but no—she returned to tenderly embrace Sir Charles before she quitted the drawing-room. At such a time too! Oh, faithless and cruel Ellen!

Sir Charles and Ellen were now more frequently together—more so love than ever. They sung together, read together, walked together, played with the little boy together, and nursed the new little baby in turns.

In due course of time, poor Lady Seymour recovered and resumed her station in the drawing-room, and then Sir Charles was less frequently at home. I was furious at him as well as at Ellen. All my tender compassion and interest centred in the unhappy and neglected wife.

One other instance in corroboration of the justness of my suspicions I will relate. A miniature painter, whom I knew by sight, came early every morning to the house. Sir Charles was sitting for his picture. One morning, when I concluded it must be nearly finished, Sir Charles and the artist left the house together. I saw the picture lying on the table near the window, in the same spot where the artist had been working at it for nearly two hours before, while Sir Charles was sitting to him. I had not for a moment lost sight of it, and am ready to affirm, upon oath, that the miniature was the likeness of Sir Charles, and of no one else; for you must know that I have a small pocket-telescope by which I can detect these n

...ld only ejaculate to myself, at intervals, dur- ...the whole of the next three days—
Bless my soul! what a false scent I have been ...! And for a bachelor gentleman too, not at all ...en to invention! Yet how was I to guess that wife could be in love with her husband? ...ere is some excuse for me, after all. Bless ...soul!"

P. S.—The St. Legers are returned—Captain ...arry is with them—French Hinds are putting ...all over the house, 'Othello's occupation's ...ne,' can't stand it—off to the continent."

The following beautiful ode, written for the ocea... by the Rev. Mr. Pierpoint, was sung by the Han...and Hayden Society, at the obsequies of Dr. Spurz...m, at Boston, on Saturday:—

ODE.

Stranger, those in bending o'er thee,
Many an eye with sorrow wet:
All our stricken hearts deplore thee:
Who, thus knew thee, can forget?
Who forgot what thou hast spoken?
Who, thine eye—thy noble frame!
But, that golden bowl is broken,
In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither,
On the spot where thou shalt rest;
'Tis in love we bear thee hither,
To thy mourning Mother's breast.
For the stores of science brought us,
For the charm thy goodness gave
To the lessons thou hast taught us,
Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent,
Was thy worship at her shrine!
Friend of man, of God the servant,
Advocate of truths divine,—
Thought and charmed as by no other,
We have been, and hoped to be;
But, while wasting round thee, Brother,
For thy light—'tis dark with thee.

Dark with thee!—No; thy Creator,
All whose creatures and whose laws
Thou didst love,—shall give thee greater
Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
To thy God thy godlike spirit,
Back we give, in filial trust:
Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it,
To its chamber—but we must.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Lamerton Church, in Devonshire, is remarkable for having the effigies of Nicholas and A. Tremaine, twins, who were so like each other that they could not be distinguished but by some outward mark. The most singular part of their history, as it is told is, that when asunder, if one was merry, the other was so, and the contrary. And as they could not endure to be separate in their lifetime, so neither at their deaths; for in 1564, they both served at Newhaven, when the one being slain, the other stept instantly into his place and was slain also.

Duel.—It is reported that a duel has taken place between Mr. Osbaldeston and Mr. Gulliz, in consequence of a dispute arising on some subject connected with the Doncaster Races. Neither of the parties were hurt, though it is said Mr. Gulliz's hat was pierced by his adversary's ball.—*Macclesfield Courier.*

During an exhibition of wild animals last week, at Sugarloaf, in this county, a man by the name of Lavoe, in an intoxicated state, staggered near the cage of the Lion, while he was devouring his accustomed meal. The lion seized him by the legs with his claws, threw him on the floor, and fixed one of them in the wretched sufferer's skull. From this situation he was relieved in a short time by the exertions of the keeper; and, shockingly mangled and bruised by the ferocious animal, removed to a place of safety. We understand that he will probably recover from his wounds.—*Goshen S. H. Patriot.*

Rowing.—The greatest feat of rowing we have ever met with, is recorded in the London Atlas. It was performed by James Williams, a waterman on the Thames, who rowed his boat with a pair of sculls, for a wager of $2500, ninety-nine miles in eleven hours and twenty minutes! Throughout his voyage he was attended by fleets of boats. Two skilful rowers once performed the distance in thirteen hours.

Sugar refiners are exposed to more heat than almost any class of operatives. The temperature in which they work is 70, 90, and sometimes 120 deg.; and that of the stoves is 150, 180, and often 200 deg. Germans, bearing the heat better than Englishmen, are almost exclusively employed. Though dressed only in flannel shirts and linen trousers, they perspire profusely: on coming out of the stoves, however, they take care to rub the sweat dry. A disagreeable acetous exhalation, arising during the process, but does not appear to affect the health.—*The Times.*

London.—15,000 vessels lie at a time, in the docks and at the wharves; 1500 carriages a day leave the city at stated hours; 4000 wagons are employed in the country trade; the annual commerce of the city is estimated at £130,000,000 sterling.

A notorious toper used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes; one being black and the other light hazel. "It is very lucky for you" replied his friend; "for if your eyes had been *matches*, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

Bar Maids.—In France, very handsome girls are sometimes employed as bar maids, to entice customers. But one of the French provincial journals, giving a few details respecting the fair of Beaucaire, publishes the following order of the police:—"No coffee-house keeper or lemonadier, either in the fair or in the town, will be permitted to expose, at the counter or otherwise, for the purpose of attracting visitors, any woman, except his own lawful wife, under a penalty of a heavy fine."

Head Police Office, Dublin.—*A wholesale Burglar.*—On Thursday, James King was committed by the magistrates of this office to Newgate, for trial, charged with the commission of no less than fifteen house robberies, besides which twenty-three more have been traced to him! It appeared that the accused had been discharged about eleven months back from Kilmainham gaol, where he had been suffering imprisonment for a felony. Since that period his depredations were principally carried on in those parts of the country south of the city, and seem to have been conducted with singular dexterity. The time he selected for entering a dwelling was generally in the open day; and if he happened, while prowling about the premises, to meet any one belonging thereto, he would inquire if a Mr. "Such a-one," whom he well knew was not the owner, lived there. He used skeleton keys to effect an entrance. A good quantity of the stolen booty has been traced and recovered at pawn-offices, with brokers, &c., generally consisting of wearing apparel, watches, silver spoons, and articles of that description. Innumerable attempts to apprehend him had been baffled by his ingenuity, till Monday last, when Peace-Officer Cunningham, who had been actively on the look-out for him during the last three weeks, at length succeeded in capturing the fellow in Kevin-street, after a desperate resistance by the prisoner, who is young and athletic.

A fortune teller was arrested in Paris, and carried before the tribunal of correctional police. "You know how to read fortunes?" said the president, a man of great wit, but rather too fond of a joke for a magistrate. "I do sir," replied the sorcerer. "In this case," said the president, "you know the judgment we intend to pronounce."—"Well, what will happen to you?" "Nothing."—"You are sure of that?"—"Yes; you will acquit me."—"Acquit you?"—"There is no doubt of it." "Why?"—"Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune." The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the sorcerer was discharged.

The splendid church of St. Lieven Minster, in Zutphen, Holland, with its organ, the second perhaps in the world, and its pulpit, was recently destroyed by fire. A plumber had been careless in the use of a chafing dish of coals in the gallery. Another beautiful church in that country was burnt some time since by the same carelessness; and we believe the State House, in Raleigh, North Carolina, was set on fire by the carelessness of a plumber.

A Poor Motherce.—At the examination of candidates for the place of school-master in a Scotch parish, one man was desired to read and translate Horace's ode, beginning,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

He began thus: *Exegi monumentum*, I have eaten up a mountain. Stop, cried one of the examiners, it will be needless for you to say *ony mair*; after eating me a dinner, this parish would be a puir mouthfu' o'ye. You maun try some waler sphere.

The same passage was translated a few years since, by a Cantab "I have eaten a monument harder than brass." "Have you?" said Professor Frisbie, with his indescribable dryness of manner, "then you had better sit down and try to digest it."

A Musical amateur in France has challenged all the whistlers of Europe to produce as much noise with one instrument as he can make with his mouth. It is said that he is going to England, where he has been engaged by the director of the French Theatre.

Married, in London, John Cook, Esq., of Gray's Inn, London, to Lucy, eldest daughter of the late William Dyne, Esq.

Plenteous the board and rare the wine,
When happy *Cook* sat down to *Dyne*—
The lady owns without detraction,
Hot Cook has given her satisfaction.

Evening Post.

Saturday, Dec. 1st.

Catechism of American Law.

Just published, the Catechism of American Law—adapted to popular readers now and useful work to all persons in business, or those who may wish to be acquainted with American Law, written in a pleasing style. For sale by

Casey & Hart, 126 corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets.
Judah Dobson, No. 106 Chestnut street.
J. G. Auner, No. 333 Market street.
Hogan & Thompson, No. 125 Market street.
Wm. H. Morgan, 370 Market street.
Jas. Conrad, No. 7 South Seventh street.
Clark & Raser, York street.
Dillon Saturday 6. Post, 19 Hudson's Alley.

In New York by
Thomas Cord, 97 Fulton street.
G. & C. & H. Carvil, Broadway.
T. & J. Swords, corner Pearl and Madison streets.
In New Haven, Conn. by S. Babcock.

"I have perused the greater part of the MSS. of an elementary digest, or Catechism of American Law, designed for common school education, and about to be published by Mr. S. C. Atkinson. The work is excellent. It is well examined related to the domestic relations, and other topics of jurisprudence, which are discussed in the second volume of my *Commentaries on American Law*; and it appeared to me to be executed with judgment, precision and necessary, and to be extremely well calculated to the useful purposes intended.

New York, Sept. 10, 1832. JAMES KENT."

"The usefulness of such a manual, well executed, is palpable; and we have no doubt Mr. Kent has given an eminent approval of the part which he examined—viz. that relating to the domestic relations and other topics which are discussed in the 2d volume of his Commentaries on American Law—we may infer that the Catechism is skilful and adequate throughout."—*National Gazette.*

S. C. Atkinson, publisher of this city, has just issued a little volume, which should be in the possession of every man of business,—and which is, in a measure, indispensable. This work is entitled "Catechism of American Law," and he who wishes to keep what he has got, and get what he can, in these 'cute days of speculation and adventure, should make the Untechism his trade mettre, and ask himself a question out of it, once and then. "Now and then."—*United States Gazette.*

"As a work of reference for persons whose business do not lead them to a deep investigation of legal subjects, it is calculated to be a pleasant, as well as useful affair. The outlines and elementary principles of a profession on which it concerns the citizens regularly and correctly to form opinions, are explained into a small compass, with judicious arrangement and familiar style. An acquaintance to a certain extent with the jurisprudence of our country, is indispensable to every man, whether in business or not; and this work we believe, we apprehend fully answered for the attainment of such an object, among those whose time is so occupied as to preclude a closer attention to the learned study."—*The Pennsylvanian.*

For the Saturday Evening Post.

To the Editor enclosing an answer to Florida's Enigma of Nov. 10, 1832.

To the Editor Esq.—these lines are directed,
By him they'll be voted, or by him, protected;
Through piles of sheer nonsense 'tis his province to wade,
To select a few rhymes for the use of the trade.
If these suit, you'll insert them, or coal grate, or file,
May receive the intruders now found in your pile.
Yes, burn them, destroy them, do just as you please,
And when all's disposed of, then sit at your ease.
Sit and think you're a *King*, or a *Doge*, or a *Doy*,
Your will is our law,—we are bound to obey.

TO MISS FLORIDA.

One month is the twelfth of a year you'll agree,
Take the *two-fifths* of *M-O-N-T-H* and *M-O* let it be,
When this is set down you cannot go astray,
If from Bonaparte's army you take Marshal *Ney*;
Thus gentle Florida I've obeyed your command,
'Tis for money men travel o'er ocean and land.

VIC-ALPINE.

Among the embellishments of the new Roman Catholic Church of St. John's, is a painting in Fresco, by Mr. Monachesi of the Opening of the Seventh Seal, described in the first four verses of the eighth chapter of St. John's Revelations. Throughout next week and week following, the Church will be opened for the exhibition of the picture, from nine in the morning till nine at night; visitors paying twenty-five cents each, for the benefit of the artist, who is understood to have neither required nor received any other compensation for this elaborate work. Several of Mr. Monachesi's pictures have been much admired and warmly praised by some of our most experienced connoisseurs. That now noticed is the only Fresco ever produced in the United States; and cannot therefore, fail to gratify curiosity as well as taste. The present is a happy moment for its exhibition; so much notice having recently been drawn to a cognate subject by Danby's splendid painting of the Sixth Seal.

We regret to hear that Col. Peter A. Browne has been seriously injured by an accident which occurred to a stage coach that left *Bedford* on Tuesday morning—horses took fright at a moment when the driver was not on the box; and, after they had run some distance, the body of the coach was thrown from the wheels. Mr. Browne was so much hurt that he will not probably be able to resume his homeward journey for some days.

It will be remembered that, in our last paper we noticed in our columns, the sudden death by Cholera, of a young lady of Cincinnati, who only a fortnight previous became a bride. We have now to add that her husband, H. R. Maxwell, Esq., stopped, on his way home, at Naches, where he died in about an hour, of the same disease which had, but a few hours previously, so suddenly ushered his youthful bride into eternity.

Lithotrity.—It gives us pleasure to announce that the operation of Lithotrity, or breaking up a stone in the bladder, and extracting it without cutting the patient, according to the method so successfully practised by M. Civiale of Paris, has been lately performed in this city, by Dr. J. Randolph, on a man aged 50 years, in the presence of Drs. Physick, Horner, La Roche, Wm. Rush, and others.

We believe this is the first time the operation of Lithotrity has been performed in Philadelphia with complete success.

Messrs. Childs and Inman have nearly completed, at their lithographic establishment, a portrait of the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, from the original and excellent painting by Sully, which unites all merits. The lithographic likeness will be published on Thursday next.

It will be remembered that the late fire, which broke out in the lower part of the dwelling of Mrs. Sansom, in Arch, between Fourth and Fifth streets, put the lives of herself and family, (who were sleeping in an upper apartment) in imminent danger, but from the immediate arrival and timely exertions of a number of our faithful city watch, who first discovered the fire, they were safely rescued from the flames. Having learned the names of their rescuers—Joseph Elwell, David Brooks, Isaac Covington, John Newhouse, John Cox and James Owens—Mrs. S. has requested the Mayor, in behalf of herself and family, to express to the above named persons, their acknowledgments for the faithful discharge of their duty on this occasion—and has also awarded each of them a very liberal and handsome present, as earnest of her gratitude.

A well executed counterfeit of a Five Dollar Note of the Bank of Virginia, taken at one of the Banks in this City, has been shown to us. It is an imposing imitation of the new plate engraved by Fairman, Draper, Underwood & Co. with deep borders all round, vignette representing Hope seated on an Anchor, letter B. the signature of A. Robinson, jr. Cashier, is well done. The paper is thin and flimsy, but the general appearance is well calculated to deceive any but an experienced judge of Bank Notes.

The Cincinnati Gazette, states that an extensive establishment for the manufacture of hempen bale, rope, twine and bagging, by machinery and steam power, has just been put in operation at Newport, opposite to that city. The proprietors intend to cultivate Kentucky hemp in their works. This establishment with its present machinery, is calculated to manufacture 450 tons of hemp annually. The company contemplate extending the works so as to manufacture Kentucky Jean, and to add to them a manufactory for drawing sheet and pipe lead.

A letter received at Charleston, states, that many persons are buried in the swamps and woods in the vicinity of New Orleans, of whom no account is taken by the sextons. All appear to agree that there are more than *two hundred persons per day* carried of by all diseases. Public meetings have been held to take measures for mitigating the distresses of emigrants, and others who require assistance; and for one or two days there was a continual firing of cannon and burning of tar, to endeavor to purify the atmosphere.

A mother in Franklin township, N. J., lately left three small children (the eldest four years old), *locked up* in the house while she went out on some visits. On her return after an absence of more than an hour, she found the second child, a fine boy between two and three years of age, burnt in a shocking manner—he survived about an hour.

The growth of Baltimore, says a paper of that city, is unequalled in the history of nations. For the last thirty years, it is calculated that the population has doubled once in six years; and now is considered the third city in the Union. There was but one house on the ground where Baltimore now stands, 103 years ago.

The electoral vote of North Carolina stands thus—for Jackson and Van Buren, 21,078—Jackson and Barbour, 3,955—Clay, 4,563.

In Mr. Hazard's useful Register of Pennsylvania, of the 24th ult., we remark the following editorial article.

"We do not know whether the design of the Wills' Hospital embraces the education of the inhabitants: but we presume it would naturally have had a place in the benevolent mind of the founders of that institution; if so, a better opportunity than that now afforded, by the presence of Mr. Friedländer, of obtaining a valuable instructor, may not soon offer. We were not aware of the number of the blind in the United States, until, induced by the notice of his being here, we arranged the last census, which furnishes information on the subject. It appears from it that there were, in 1830, 5444 of this class in the United States, viz.: 3974 whites, and 1470 blacks, being about one in every 2363 persons of the whole population. From a hasty calculation, it appears that the colored population of this class are more numerous in proportion than the white; as the whites are one in 2650, and the colored one in 1584: the proportions are very different in the different states. In Pennsylvania, there are 503 blind, viz.: 475 white, and 28 colored; being about one in every 2680 of the population. What proportion are of a suitable age to receive instruction, cannot be accurately ascertained. We have formed some tables on this subject, furnishing interesting views, we think which our limits this week do not permit us to present; but which will probably occupy a portion of the next number."

We shall rejoice if the attention of our City Councils be attracted efficaciously to this subject—the *education of the blind*. Possibly, the Girard fund may be made available for so excellent a charity. The number of the objects in our commonwealth, and the proportion in our city, are greater than is generally supposed.

Natural Curiosity.—We have been shown by Mr. Grant Thorburne, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, one of the most striking natural curiosities we ever saw. It is a turnip, raised in Minden, Connecticut; which resembles a man's hand so closely as to startle the beholder as it is unrolled from the paper in which it is wrapped. The fingers are nearly perfect, as also is the thumb, save that it is withered a little since it was taken from the ground. The fingers are also properly shaped, and fitted to each other even to the natural crook of the little finger. It is really a wonderful production. Mr. Thorburne gave five dollars for it.

The two last numbers of the "Journal of Health and Recreation," are unusually excellent. The articles in this publication are always written in so pure and vigorous a style, and with so sound a judgment, that we read them with a satisfaction seldom derived from the perusal of any other miscellany of equal pretentions. The journal may be considered as among the cheapest and most original periodicals of the day. Its merits are solid and decided, and such as should win for it the confidence, as well as the patronage of the community. We have marked several valuable extracts, to be transmitted hereafter to our first page.

Penn. Inquirer.

The Quebec Mercury of the 10th instant, contains the report of the Emigrant Society. They have closed their labors for the season. The report states 4,341 emigrants forwarded. 1,442 received temporary relief. £6,487 15s. has been collected from masters of vessels bringing emigrants, under the act of the last session, at Quebec; at Montreal 150l., of which some one-fourth for the society at Quebec is 1,699l. The expenditure has been £1,707. The total of emigrants achieved by the Quebec society is stated at 7,142.

New Orleans.—The New Orleans Prices Current of the 19th inst., says—"The Cholera is subsiding, and the community flatter themselves that a few days more of the clear, cold, frosty weather we now enjoy, will dispel every vestige of it. We consider the Yellow Fever as done with for this season; already people begin to wear cheerful countenances, and we trust that soon absent citizens, and all who desire to visit the city, may be able to do so without apprehension. We are sorry to hear that the inhabitants along the river banks are so panic struck as to avoid all communication with the steamboats. We do not believe here that the disease is contagious, and consider ourselves, individually, to be as little liable to contract it as though we had fled to and remained in the country. The Mississippi remains at 12 feet, 6 inches, below high water mark."

A letter from New Orleans dated the 12th, says:—"The Yellow Fever and Cholera have made a most destructive attack on this city. About 3000 have died in the last fifteen days, (ending the 9th,) since when, three frosts have providentially set in, and the former disease has almost entirely disappeared, and the latter comparatively so."

A paper of the 9th says:—"We learn with deep regret, that the Cholera has broken out with great violence, on several plantations. Should its ravages be proportionate to its ravages in this city, the destruction of life and property will realize the gloomiest apprehensions and forebodings of the suffering planters. Ruin, in its worst form, like the sword of Damocles, seems to be suspended over their heads. At this season of the year, if one upper horse in a span dies, the destruction of their slaves, the hopes of the cultivator and the country at large, will be seriously prostrated."

Cincinnati.—During the week ending on Thursday, the 15th inst., there occurred 42 deaths in Cincinnati—16 of which were from cholera, more than two per day. The Cincinnati Advertiser of the 19th, says—"The weather, the last week, has been, during the day, very pleasant, with sharp frosts at night. Business is beginning to stir. Our daily markets, which were deserted for several weeks during the *Cholera*, are now well attended by large numbers of wagons, bringing ample supplies daily of whatever is necessary for the use of our tables: whilst country merchants are arriving in numbers, to lay in their winter supplies. In fact, every thing promises well for a busy season, although we apprehend that in our leading staples it will be at reduced prices."

An accident occurred in Orange, a few days since, of a singular and distressing character. Mr. Horace Fifield, a merchant of that town, undertook to make a hole in a cask, containing 25 pounds of powder, with a half inch auger; and, while in the act, the powder ignited, burst off the roof and one side of the store, and severely burnt Mr. Fifield and two other persons who were in the store at the time. The accident can be accounted for in no other way than by supposing that the auger came in contact with some particles of sand or gravel in the head of the cask, and thus produced ignition. The persons injured were, at the last dates, in a fair way to recover. The loss is estimated at about $1,000.—*Montpelier (Vt.) Patriot.*

A New York paper has the following:—"It is related as an incident in the Hawk War, that the editor of the Illinois Gazetteer, Mr. Robert Graham, not only participated in the general conflict, but actually scalped two Indians with his own hands. In a skirmish he shot down one of them, and rushing upon him, drew the scalping knife from the side of the wounded savage. Proceeding to apply it to the cranium of the proprietor, who winced at the deep tonsure, he admonished and consoled the red man, saying, 'Never mind, my old friend, it will soon be over. The instrument is cursed dull, and I would advise you hereafter to keep a sharper knife.' Death had in reserve a sharper knife for the tantalizing editor. He died after his return to Galena, on the 13th ult., of the epidemic cholera."

Analysis of the new Patent Law.—For the convenience of those whom it may personally concern we make the following analysis of the last law of Congress concerning patents for useful inventions.

The first section provides for the report of Congress, and publication in two of the Washington newspapers, of a list of all the patents that have expired during the year preceding the month of January, with the names of the patentees alphabetically arranged.

It is required by the second that all applications for the renewal or prolongation of patents shall be made before their expiration and notified once a month for three months in two of the Washington papers, and also in one of the papers of the State or territory where the patentee resides, in which the laws of the United States are published. The grounds of the application are to be set forth, verified by oath, and the evidence to support it may be taken before any judge or justice of the peace. It must be accompanied by a statement of the ascertained value of the discovery, invention or improvement, and of the receipts and expenditures of the patentee, so as to exhibit the profit or loss rising therefrom.

The third section authorizes a patentee, who, through inadvertence, accident or mistake shall have failed to comply with the third section of the act of 21st Feb. 1793, to surrender his old patent to the Secretary of State and obtain a new one.

South Carolina.—The Convention met on Monday, 19th ult., at Columbia, and was organized by calling the Hon. Stephen D. Miller to the chair, and appointing Mr. Bent, of Edgefield, secretary. The credentials of the members were then read, and the members elected signed the roll. On a motion to elect a President, Governor Hamilton was chosen, without opposition, who returned thanks in a very handsome address. After choosing door-keepers, &c., Judge Colcock rose, and proferred a motion proposing, in substance, to refer the act calling a Convention, and the whole subject on which they assembled, to a select committee of twenty-one. This was agreed to, and the Convention adjourned until next day, when the committee was to be nominated. The relative strength of parties in the Convention is as follows: State Rights 143—Union 26. Whole number 169.

School Lands in Ohio.—The number of acres of lands set apart for schools within Ohio, including the salt Reserves, which have been mostly sold, and the avails appropriated for common schools, is about 676,000; estimated value, $1,300,000

From the Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate, Nov. 10.

A Disgusting Occurrence.—William Lewis, a planter of this county, was, on Monday night last, shot in the bar room of Bell tavern in this place, by John G. Perry, while in the act of attempting to strike the latter with a chair. A quarrel which had ensued between the two parties occasioned the fatal deed, which terminated the career of a fellow being just in prime of age, and plunged a young and interesting family in the deepest mourning. The perpetrator of the act, availing himself of the hustle and confusion he had created by this sudden and lamentable incident, repaired immediately to the stable, mount his horse and escaped unobserved. He has, however, returned since, and surrendered himself to the civil authorities, by which we understand, he has been bound over for his appearance at the next term of the Circuit Court.

However justifiable this act, done in self-defence, may be considered, we are grieved to confess that this is the third homicide that has been committed in this county within a few weeks, independently of the attempt made to assassinate one of our townsmen on the public square.

The Milledgeville Journal of the 15th inst. contains a letter addressed by Judge Clayton, of Georgia, to the Hon. John Quincy Adams, on the subject of the United States Bank. It occupies nearly nine closely printed columns of that large sheet. We give our readers the conclusion of the whole matter, which is as follows:

At the next Presidential polls,
When the base coalition fools,
As black as *Ebony* their souls
And noxious as the Upas,
Shall sink to infamy at last
With nothing left but their *disgrace!*
Then truth will shine, in native grace,
Resplendent as the *Texas!*

Longevity in Georgia.—The gentleman who furnished the notice of Capt. Cobb in another column, and whose veracity is vouched for by the editors of the Athens Banner, mentions further, that a few years ago, in a small compass, not a hundred miles apart, there were living in Georgia, six individuals, the youngest of whom was 100 years old. One by the name of Watten, died 4 years ago in Bulloch county, aged 124 (?); another in Laurens county, aged 100, by the name of Robinson, born on the Salt Ketchers, in South Carolina; another in the same county, who had been a soldier of Washington's at Braddock's defeat, then a man of middle age, by name, Allen; another in Emanuve, by name, Redgood, a Virginian by birth, from the vicinity of Richmond, who died in 1827 or 8, aged 110; another in Richmond county, by name M'Intyre, died at the age of 115; and lastly, Captain Cobb, who died in Columbia county recently at the extreme age of over one hundred and twenty years.

FRIGATE UNITED STATES.

The editors of the New York Gazette have been favored with several letters from a young officer on board the above ship, which sailed from that port on the 3d of July last. The following extracts will be found both amusing and interesting.

"U. S. Frigate United States, }
Lisbon, August 15, 1832. }

"We anchored here to-day at 1 P. M., having touched at the Western Islands and Madeira. We made Madeira about daylight on the 26th ult., and came to anchor off Funchal at 2 30, P. M. This town, Funchal, is situated on the south-east side of the island, and stretches along the margin of the bay for a mile and a half. The views of it from anchorage is beautiful; but on landing it is altogether changed, owing to the dilapidated condition of the houses and narrowness of the streets, which are not more than 12 or 14 feet wide; but, for a Portuguese town, are uncommonly clean, owing, it is said, to the ascendancy which the English resident merchants on the island, have over the Portuguese.

"During our stay, I dined with the American Consul, Mr. Marsh, in company with Com. Patterson and family. He was very kind to the officers of the ship, and invited us to make his house our home during our stay.

"A stranger who stops at Madeira, never fails to visit the Nunnery of *Santa Clara* and *Nostra Senora del Monte*. The latter is situated three miles up the side of the mountain, from whence you have the most beautiful view of the harbor and surrounding country. The road is very steep, and paved entirely with small paving stones, which prohibits the use of carriages, and of course you are obliged to ascend on horseback. The activity of the horses here, which are very small, and also of the guides, is truly astonishing.

"To give you some idea of it, I will relate my journey up the mountain. Mr. H. and myself, being duly booted and spurred, mounted our horses, and signifying our readiness to proceed, the guides armed with their long poles, seized the animals by the tails, and began to goad them with a vengeance. Away we went, horses kicking, dogs barking, guides screaming, while I was convulsed with laughter at the absurdity of the scene. I think it a miracle that we did not break our necks, but it is said that 'all is well enough, but to ride' horses is indeed 'the devil.' If you attempt to keep a tight rein, the guide always pulls it slack, with '*a curpa Senor*,' meaning loose, sir, so that you must resign yourself to your fate with patience.

"The Convent of Santa Clara is situated at the west end of Funchal. There is little to be seen worthy of notice, except the beautiful Nun Maria Clementina Agostinho, whose history I find in a work in my possession, and which has so much interested me, I will quote it.

"Maria Clementina, the youngest child of Pedro Agostinho, was born in Madeira. Her parents had an unusually large family, but were laboring under embarrassment from the unfavorable termination of a law suit. What unfortunate event coincided with her birth, I know not; but Maria was disliked by her parents from the first year of her infancy. Her brothers neglected her in obedience to their father and mother, and her sisters, who were very ugly, hated her for her beauty. Every one else in Funchal loved her, and she had many offers of marriage, at thirteen years of age, which the little maiden laughed at, and forwarded to her elder sisters. The more she was petted abroad, the more she was persecuted at home. She was treated at length like Cinderella, with no chance of a Fairy to help her. Amongst other arrangements for the purchase of commissions for two of his sons, and for giving portions for two of his daughters, Pedro determined to sacrifice his best and sweetest child, Maria. At 18, she was placed as a novice in this Nunnery. At 19, she took the veil, and renounced the world for ever. At this time she was the most beautiful girl on the island; and, what is remarkable in a Portuguese, of a fair complexion, with a brilliant color, blue eyes, and very long glossy brown hair. A year after this the constitutional government was established in Portugal, and one of the first and wisest acts of the Cortes, was to order the doors of all religious houses to be thrown open. Santa Clara was visited by friends and strangers, some to see the Church, some to see the Nuns, and some to see the gardens. Amongst others, a Portuguese officer, at that time quartered at Funchal. He saw and fell in love with Maria. He was a handsome youth of good family, and Maria returned his love, with an earnestness which, perhaps, had as much desire of liberty as female passion in it. A man is emancipated from her parents, and the law declares a vow of celibacy null and void. The marriage was determined on, her hair permitted to grow again, her clothes prepared, and the wedding day fixed. Maria fell ill, and her physician enjoined perfect quiet for some time. The wedding was finally postponed to another day, and before that day arrived, His Faithful Majesty had dissolved His Parliament, and fearful last heaven should lose one more of its daughters had revoked the law of the Cortes and despatched an express to notify as much to his subjects in Madeira. Maria arose from her bed of sickness to return to her cell and her rosary. Her languishing ringlets were again mercilessly shorn, the mob cap, the leathern corset, the serge gown was laid before her, and some old Egyptians, who could not better themselves elsewhere, bade her return thanks to God that she had so narrowly escaped mixing again in the vanities of the world."

"Poor girl! how I pity her! She is still exquisitely beautiful, although 26 years of age, and has a form that shames a Venus. I saw her several times and expressed such an interest in her fate, that she seemed much affected, and said she would never forget me. She also gave me some artificial flowers, made by herself, and her best wishes for my happiness. I conversed with her in Spanish."

Animal Magnetism.—The following most extraordinary phenomena in the animal magnetism have lately been observed at the hospital Della Vita, at Bologna. A patient in the hospital is subject, every third day, to violent convulsions: during the continuance of which he loses entirely the use of his senses, and can neither hear, see, nor smell; his hands also become so firmly clenched that it would be impossible to open them without breaking the fingers. Nevertheless, Dr. Ciri, the physician under whose charge he is placed, has discovered that the epigastric region, at about two fingers-breadth above the navel, receives all the impressions of the senses, so as to replace them completely. If the patient be spoken to while the finger is placed on this spot, he gives answers, and even, on being desired, opens his hands of his own accord. If any substance or matter is placed there, he can describe its form and quality, its color and smell. As long as the finger is kept on the stomach, the convulsion gradually diminishes till it entirely disappears; but if the finger be placed on the heart, the convulsion returns with increased violence, and continues as long as the finger is kept in that position. If a flute be played while the finger is kept on the stomach, the patient hears the music; but if the finger be taken away for an instant and placed on the heart, and then taken back again to its former position, the man asks why they play by intervals, though the flute has never ceased.

A locomotive engine, built by M. W. Baldwin, was placed upon the Norristown and Philadelphia Rail Road, on Friday last, to test its movements. The experiment seems to have been fully successful. An afternoon paper has this notice of the trial:—"The placing of the fire and raising of the steam, occupied twenty minutes. The engine, (with her reader), moved from the depot in beautiful style, working with great ease and uniformity. She proceeded about half a mile beyond the Union tavern, at the township line, and returned immediately, a distance of six miles, at a speed of about 28 miles to the hour, her speed having been greatly slackened at all the road crossings, and, it being after dark, but a portion of her power used. It is needless to say that the spectators were delighted. From this experiment there is every reason to believe this Engine will draw 30 tons gross, at an average speed of 40 miles to the hour, on a level road. The chief superiority of this Engine, over any of the English ones known, consists in the light weight, which is but between four and five tons, her small bulk and the simplicity of her working machinery. We rejoice at the result of this experiment, as it conclusively shows that Philadelphia, always famous for the skill of her mechanics, is enabled to produce Steam Engines for rail-roads, combining so many superior qualities, as to warrant the belief that her mechanics will hereafter supply nearly all the public works of this description in this country, and by our superiority in the adaptation of this motive power, as we have hitherto in navigation, perhaps supply England herself.

Wonders of Nature.—There was lately dug up, at Massillon, Starke county, state of Ohio, *two large tusks*, measuring each nine feet six inches in length, and eight inches in diameter! the weight of one as much as two men could lift; the outside covering was as firm and hard as ivory, but the inner parts were considerably decayed. They were found in a swamp about two feet below the surface of the ground, and were similar to those found some time ago, at Bone Lick in Kentucky; the size of which animal, from the bones found, was at least 60 feet in length and 22 feet in height, and twelve across the hips. Each tooth found weighed 11 pounds. This animal as much surpasses the Mammoth, as the Elephant does the Ox. We were shown a portion of one of the tusks, by J. W. Smith, Esq., of this place, who brought the same from Ohio.—*Clearfield Banner.*

The Georgia Convention adjourned on the evening of the 17th inst. to meet again on the first Monday in July next; after passing a series of resolutions expressive of their opinion on the extent of the powers of the federal government on the unconstitutionality of a protective tariff, and recommending the holding of a convention of delegates from the southern states on the third Monday in March next, at such place as shall be determined on by the delegates.

Breach of Marriage Promise.—At the Circuit Court held in this village last week, Judge Monell presiding, the cause of Eliza Ann Rogers vs. David Barker, for breach of marriage promise, came on for trial—the fair plaintiff did not appear in court—the defendant appeared to be a young man of about twenty-six, of reserved habits and a downcast and unassuming look. The usual evidence was produced and the plaintiff *of course* recovered a verdict of $500.—*Binghampton (N. Y.) Courier.*

The great sale of blooded horses, which took place at Tattersall's, New York, November 25th, was attended by breeders of fine horses from New York, Virginia, Georgia, and South Carolina. The sales were as follows:

Dr. Veroon R. M.	aged 13	$202 50
Wild Cat R. M.	9	90 00
Lalla Rookh R. M.	11	120 00
Blue Bell S. F.	2	65 00
Verona B. M.	6	145 00
Moscow Ch. H.	6	675 00
Bay Mare, not thorough-bred	16	52 50
Miss Fisher B. M.	" 4	200 00
Amazon B. M.	" 5	225 00

We find this notice of the recent fire at Economy, Beaver County, in the Beaver Argus of Friday last:—"On the night of the 15th, inst. the extensive Barns belonging to the Harmony Society, at Economy, in this county caught fire and were destroyed, together with their contents, consisting of a large quantity of Grain, Hay, &c. A steam thrashing machine had been used in one of them, and the fire accidentally caught from the furnace of the engine. The loss is estimated at from 10 to $12,000. The light of the conflagration was seen fifteen or twenty miles. Since the above was in type, we have been favoured with a letter from a member of the society, to a gentleman of this borough, which states that the fire caught from a candle in a flax room, and had made considerable progress before discovered. The following is the principal part of the property destroyed—2,800 bushels of Wheat, 1,000 bushels of Barley, 150 tons of Hay, a large gin mill of Flax, Thrashing machine, Flax breaking machine, Barns, Sheep and Cow houses, &c. Estimated at $12,000. Fortunately one half of the crop of grain belonging to the Society, was in a different place and was saved. Had there been a west wind at the time, the whole town would inevitably have been destroyed."

The convention lately assembled to revise the constitution of the State of Mississippi, have made many alterations. They have decided on establishing the seat of government at Jackson until the year 1850. They have extended the right of suffrage to all free white males at twenty-one years of age, who have resided in the State for twelve months. The Governor is hereafter to be chosen for two years—eligible only for four years out of six. And not to possess any right to vote except for constitutional objections. There is to be no lieutenant governor, but the President of the Senate is to act in that capacity by virtue of his office.

The most important alteration is that which makes the judiciary elective. They have determined, by a decisive majority, that the Judges shall hereafter be elected by the people, in the same manner as other officers.

There is no book or print so cheap as a newspaper, none so interesting, because it consists of a variety. Being new every week, it invites a habit of reading, and affords an easy and agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge, so essential to the welfare of the individual and the community. It causes many an hour to pass away pleasantly and profitably, which would otherwise have been spent in idleness and mischief.

Another Indian War.—Recent disturbances are stated to have taken place near Galena (Upper Mississippi Lead mines) by an incursion of the Pottawatamie Indians, who have destroyed the bridge erected over the Winnebago inlet, on the Galena road—stolen several horses clandestinely, and robbed their owners of others in open day. Great alarm prevails on that frontier, and unless effective and early succour is afforded, the whole country, it is said, will soon be deserted.

A letter was mailed at the Poughkeepsie Post Office, a few days since, on which was the following direction. We understand it came from New York by one of our packets:

Sols Bury Canet i
Cut ponst of is
to titus seazer
Mary etter Church
post sige paid.

Louisiana Election.—In the city of New Orleans, the number of votes given for the Electoral ticket, was only 919, of which the Jackson ticket had a majority of 165. In 1828 the number of votes was 1413. The Courier says, "To the dreadful calamity bearing now on this place, the difference in the number of votes must be ascribed." In the parishes of east and west Baton Rouge, the vote stood, for the Jackson ticket, 218; the Clay ticket 236. (In 1828 the vote was, for Jackson 317, Adams 211.) In Point Coupee parish, Jackson 62, Clay 11.

It is said that the state has gone for Jackson.

Fire at the Shoals.—On Friday, the 9th instant, all the buildings on Londoner's Island, (one of the Isles of the Shoals) were destroyed by fire, which was supposed to be left by some persons who landed to cook and dress

NOTICE.

☞ The terms of this paper from and after the first of January, 1832, will be as follows:—

One years' subscription, paid in advance,	$3,00
One years' do. if paid during the year,	$3,50
One years' do. if not paid during the year,	$4,00
Six months' subscription, in advance,	$1,25

☞ No new subscription, except it be forwarded by a responsible agent, will be taken, unless payment for one year be forwarded in advance.

☞ These terms, in all cases, will be rigidly insisted upon.

☞ Notes of small denomination, on solvent banks, will be received in payment for subscriptions at par value.

☞ All letters must be post paid; none other will be taken from the post office.

*** Gentlemen who act as agents for this paper, especially such as do more business, are respectfully informed that we have on hand, at this office, a number of powder works, copies of which it might be to their interest to procure, on sale. Among other things of the kind we have handsomely bound volumes of the Casket, for three or four back years; three volumes of the Journal of Health; Database of American Law, a highly valuable work; the Kaleidoscope, with numerous engravings, suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents; Tocqueville, Interior Tables, Medical Laws of the United States, Engravings, Wood-cuts, &c., orders for any of which will receive prompt attention. A liberal discount will be made from the retail price, to those who order a quantity.

*** Agents are particularly requested to use renewed exertions for collecting the arrearages due from subscribers to the Post, Casket and Journal of Health, at their respective neighborhoods. In all cases a strict compliance with the terms of these publications should be insisted upon. The aggregate amount due is large, and the continued and increasing expenses of our office, require punctuality on the part of our patrons. Agents who have five or more dollars in hand, will please make early remittances.

*** Correspondents when they wish their papers changed to new post offices, must inform us where their papers are now received, as well as the offices to which they wish them sent in future. Where this information is omitted, we have frequently much trouble in finding the name on our books. Upon notification of removals, or of papers having miscarried, the change should always be paid.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

saturday, December 1, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

*** We acknowledge the receipt of a five dollar note, from "J. F. G.," of Pittsburgh, Pa., "to be appropriated to the fund for the relief of the Cape de Verd sufferers." The amount has been paid over to W. J. Duane, Jr., Cashier of the Pennsylvania Bank, and Treasurer of the Cape de Verd Fund.

"S. Wilderness," will please excuse us.

The article commencing "Cain stood rebuking, &c." we know not how to class, whether as poetry or prose. It is a mongrel affair altogether, evidencing rather grains not education. On some suitable occasion we may serve it up in our Own, as an apology for an omission.

"J. S. O." was cannot oblige.

The favors from J. E. L., were all received, and will be published the first opportunity.

Congress will convene at Washington, on Monday next, and continue in session until the 4th of March; and the Legislature of this state will assemble at Harrisburg, on Tuesday. Before both bodies, it is expected, important business will be laid, for the operation of the appropriations and delegates. In Congress some attempt will be agitated to put a stop to the treasonable proceedings of the south, and out of this will grow matters of absorbing interest to the whole country. The movements of this body, as regards the Tariff and the United States Bank, will also be interesting, and it is expected the whole session will prove unusually important.

Before our State Legislature resolutions, it is said, will be introduced for the adoption of a General System of Education, for the abolition of lotteries, for effecting changes in the Constitution of the state, for the establishment of improvement for debt, for a revenue of one general uniform system, and for promoting various other objects of leading interest. Of all these movements and operations, we have made satisfactory arrangements for keeping our readers duly advised. An intelligent gentleman, for many years the conductor of a periodical journal, has been engaged to furnish us with reviews of the doings at Washington, and the general miscellanies at Harrisburg, as a member of the Legislature, of a gentleman connected with this paper, will speak in our columns able sketches of the proceedings of our State Legislature. Both gentlemen will be careful to observe the strict neutrality of the Post, and furnish nothing to which the slightest exception in political grounds can be taken.

In our next we expect to publish the President's Message entire, and probably the whole, or an abstract of the Governor's Message. The former document will undoubtedly be a paper of vast importance, having much assembly with, on the course and principles of the administration party, and the latter not less interesting, especially to the citizens of this commonwealth.

Our arrangements for enlarging the dimensions of this paper are so far completed, as to warrant us in assuring our patrons that this proposed alteration will be made by the first of January next. We have recently procured a new *Adams's Power Press*, of improved make, by which we shall be enabled to print the Post with increased facilities, and with a decided improvement in its typographical appearance, although at present, we regard it as the handsomest paper in the Union. The alteration will allow us to furnish a much larger portion of reading matter, which we shall, we expect even, shall be not less interesting than now.

The increase which has attended us in our exertions to give satisfaction to our numerous readers, during the past year, warrants us in continuing our present plan of publication, and our present course of proceeding. Our subscription list to this paper is now over *fifteen thousand*, showing a steady increase within the last year, of more than *three thousand subscribers*. While we are grateful for this decided evidence of public approbation, we feel disposed, by zealous attention to our duties, and by renewed exertion in catering for the various appetites of our readers, to merit its continuance and increase. The succeeding volume, we feel confident, shall be, in every respect equal, and in many superior to that we are about closing.

Those of our subscribers who are in arrears, we shall be obliged to for a remittance at as early a day as possible. The arrangements we have made for obtaining and improving our paper, have caused considerable outlays, which we have no other means of defraying than by the punctuality of our patrons. There are many who have neglected us for more than a twelvemonth, and some from whom we have not had for two and three years. Such, if they desire to retain our acquaintance and good-will, must forward the arrearages without delay, or their names will be erased from our books. We shall be sorry to part with any with whom we have been exchanging salutations for years, but duty to ourselves, and duty to those subscribers who are punctual in their payments, require us so to act.

We give this timely notice that all may have opportunity to discharge their arrearages by the first of January, from which time we shall send our paper to such only, as by prompt pay, merit to be retained on our list.

ATKINSON'S CASKET.

The December number of this work, completing the volume for the present year, is just published. It contains a beautiful frontispiece embellishment representing a lady carving her lover's name on a tree, designed as the title for the volume. The regular steel engraving, is a finely finished picture of a young artist, engraved by Peale. The other embellishments are the Naval Asylum, Philadelphia; Interior of Drury Land theatre, London; Philadelphia Arcade, and Sixth street Baptist Church, Cincinnati. Among the reading contents will be found several excellent original articles, which do credit to the work, and a variety of popular selections from contemporary works. The poetry in this number is particularly good. The music is a Scotch Song, sung with great applause by Miss Paton, called "O ye shall walk in silk attire." Appended are a title page and index for the whole volume.

The succeeding number, which will appear about the middle of January next, will commence a new and improved volume of the work. It will be embellished with a plate of the newest Fashions, beautifully colored, and will probably contain the Prize Tale, for which a premium of *one hundred dollars* has been offered by the publisher. The volume for 1833 will be enriched by many valuable original essays, tales, &c. and by a number of superior engravings, designs of which are now in the hands of distinguished artists.

As a limited number of copies will be printed, new subscribers should make early application. Terms, $3 50 per annum, payable, in all cases, in advance.

CASKET PREMIUMS.

At the particular request of several valued correspondents, the publisher of the CASKET, has consented to defer placing in the hands of the Premium Committee, *until the fifteenth of December*, the articles offered in competition for the Prize of $100, $30 and $25. This delay is desired that they may have time to finish communications now in progress. On that day the gentlemen who have consented to act as judges, will proceed to a careful examination of the articles offered, and a decision will be made as soon after as possible.

☞ The publisher of the Casket presumes it to be generally understood, that all articles offered in competition for the prizes, become his property, as soon as the decision is made, to be disposed of at his pleasure. Such is the general usage, and it is inferred that no writer will claim an article which may have been rejected. Should any, however, be dissatisfied with this arrangement, they may withdraw their contributions, by dropping a line to the Casket office, before the 15th December, and they will be immediately returned, without being placed before the examining committee.

The *New York Globe* says a rumor of the following appointments, is in circulation:

John Quincy Adams to be Secretary of State.
L. W. Tazewell to be Secretary of State.
Mr. Rives to be Secretary of State.
R. L. Gouverneur to be Collector of New York.
Samuel Swartwout to be Postmaster of New York.
His Excellency Gov. Throop to be Postmaster of New York.
His Excellency Gov. Throop to be Naval Officer of New York.
His Excellency Gov. Throop to be Minister to France.
Hon. John Quincy Adams to be Minister to England.
Langdon Cheves to be Secretary of the Treasury, &c.
M. M. Noah to be Consul to Algiers.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.—Messrs. Carey & Hart, have just published a valuable little work, translated from the French, entitled *Domestic French Cookery*. It is well filled with useful recipes for making favorite French soups, gravies, ragouts, sauces, meats, pastries, sugars, and for dressing game, poultry, fish, vegetables, eggs, &c., which cannot but be of essential service to those of epicurean taste. We extract from the miscellaneous department, a few of the leading paragraphs:—

COFFEE WITHOUT BOILING.—Coffee made without boiling is much stronger, more economical, and less troublesome than the usual way; but it requires a pot of a particular construction. The best sort of pot for this purpose is called in French a Greque (Greek.) It must be made of the best block tin, and of a tall cylindrical shape, with the spout very near the bottom. The receptacle for the coffee powder fits into the upper part of the coffee-pot, and must be taken out when washed. The bottom of this receiver is pierced with very small holes, and there are two other strainers, made of movable plates of tin, also covered with fine holes. These two strainers fit into the receiver. The powdered coffee is to be placed between them, so that it may filter through the lower strainer, and also through the holes at the bottom of the receiver. Having scalded the pot, put the coffee into the receiver between the two movable strainers, and pour in some water which must be boiling hard at the time. The coffee will then drain through into the lower part of the pot where the spout is, and will clear itself in passing through the holes. Shut down the lid, place the pot near the fire, and the coffee will be ready for use as soon as it has done draining through.

Allow a large tea-spoonful of the powder for each cup that you intend to have.

This mode of preparing coffee is very expeditious, and requires neither isinglass nor white of egg.

CHOCOLATE.—Never boil chocolate in milk, as that spoils the flavor; and do not scrape it but merely cut it into pieces. To an ounce of chocolate allow a cup of boiling water.

Having first scalded the pot, put in the chocolate, pour the water on it, and boil it till one third has evaporated. Then supply that third with cream or milk, and take it immediately from the fire.

You need not stir it more than two or three times.

FINE LEMONADE.—Allow a whole lemon and four or five lumps of loaf-sugar to half a pint of cold water. Roll the lemons hard on the table to make them more juicy. Cut them in half, and squeeze them over the sugar. Then pour on the water, and stir till the sugar is dissolved. Take out whatever seeds may have fallen in. In warm weather, put a lump of ice into each glass.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—Put on a plate an ounce of the very best mustard powder, with a salt spoon of salt, a few leaves of tarragon, and a clove of garlic minced fine. Pour on by degrees sufficient vinegar to dilute it to the proper consistence, (about a wine-glass full) and mix it well with a wooden spoon. Do not use it in less than twenty-fours after it is mixed.

COLD PICKLES.—Season some of the best vinegar with a little garlic, a little tarragon, and a little sweet oil. Put it into a glass jar, and keep it well covered. You may throw into it the green seeds of nasturtians, morella cherries, little onions, small young carrots when but a finger long, radish pods, and various other things. Keep the jar well closed, and the pickles will be as good and keep as long as if they had been boiled.

Nasturians and cherries will keep in plain vinegar without any seasoning.

The ancient custom of presenting the Freedom of cities, to distinguished personages, was revived in New York, last week, by the corporation of that city, in testimonial of their regard for the public services and private worth of Martin Van Buren. The ceremony took place in the City Hall. After an address to Mr. Van Buren by the Mayor, and a reply from that gentleman, the Freeman's oath was administered, and a certificate of Freedom presented in a gold box. After which the whole company adjourned to a dinner given by the corporation.

A *wag* of the city, in noticing these proceedings, desires one of the editors to incorporate the following lines in the proceedings of the day:—

Address of the Mayor and Aldermen of Coventry, to Queen Elizabeth.

"We men of Coventry,
Are very glad to see,
Your gracious majesty—
Good Lord how fair you be."

Queen Elizabeth's answer—

"My gracious majesty,
Is very glad to see,
You men of Coventry—
Good Lord what fools you be."

William Wirt, Esq. the Antimasonic candidate for the Presidency, has addressed a letter to the editor of the Providence Amerian, in which he declines the renomination recently made in that paper.

The Hon. John Sergeant, of this city, has consented to deliver an eulogy on the life and character of the lamented Charles Carroll, in compliance with a request made by the City Councils. The time has not been named. The extensive attainments of Mr. Sergeant, and his ability as an eloquent orator, propose that this address will be one in every respect worthy of the occasion.

A destructive fire broke out in State street, Boston, near the United States Branch Bank, on the 21st ult. which occasioned the loss of much valuable property before it was extinguished. In the height of the conflagration a canister of gunpowder exploded with great violence, and knocked down six or eight firemen, several of whom were much injured. From the particulars, in detail, of this fire, as published in the Boston Courier, we take the following paragraph:—"One noble fellow, we have since learned it was Mr. Charles H. Porter, ascended by the lightning rod with an axe in his hand to the very apex of the dome itself, where he cut and slashed away with as much sang froid as if he had stood on terra firma; every thing was slippery around him, and the water which was flying in all directions, froze as fast as it fell; every one trembled for his safety, but he himself seemed as calm and collected as a philosopher. Every thing depends on habit, and we hardly think that there were a dozen men among the crowd who could have done the same to have gained the universe. He soon accomplished his purpose, descended in safety, and we hope will not go unrewarded."

Such an act, if performed in the business of an army, would have brought a high commission to such an adventurer, and secured a pension perhaps for life.

Messrs. Carey & Lea have just published, in a small and neat volume of 300 pages, a memoir of the Rev. FELIX NEFF, a pastor in the High Alps. It is a history which no christian can read without profit—it depicts scenes of discouragement and severe trial, surmounted by an ardent devotion to the cause of religion, and presents a plain unvarnished narrative of the life of an humble, but good man, whose christian labors may be safely and profitably imitated.

From the introduction we take a notice of the country and people in and among whom Neff labored:—

"Of all these regions the Val Fressinière is the most repulsive and wild; its soil is sterile and unproductive, and its inhabitants are most lamentably poor. They are clothed in sheepskins, and they have no linen in use, either for their garments or their beds. They sleep in the clothes which they wear during the day. They inhabit seven villages, and their houses are made of stone, with flat roofs, and mud cement. In these hovels the people and their cattle live together, and they often take refuge in caves when they expect an attack from their enemies, in one corner of which they themselves lie concealed, and, in the other, their sheep and kine. They subsist principally on milk and vegetables, and their occupation is tending their cattle. They are skilful marksmen, and seldom miss either the chamois or the bear from the filthy manner in which they devour the flesh of these animals, they become so offensive to the smell, that strangers can scarcely bear to be within scent of them. Happy in their scanty resources, they are equally poor alike; but they have no needlessness among them, and, contented among themselves, they seldom form either friendships or connexions with others. In the state of equality and which causes them to present a most uncouth appearance, it is surprising that they are very far from being uncultivated in their morals. They almost all understand Latin, and are able to write fairly enough. They understand also as much of French as will enable them to read the Bible, and to sing psalms; nor would you easily find a boy among them, who, if he were questioned as to the religious opinions, which they hold in common with the Waldenses, would not be able to give, from memory, a reasonable account of them. They pay taxes most scrupulously, and the duty of doing this forms an article of their confession of faith. But if they are prevented from making payment by civil wars, they lay apart the proper sum, and on the return of peace, they take care to settle with the royal tax gatherers."

THEATRICAL.

At the Arch Street Theatre, on Tuesday evening, a young lady—a Miss Read, sister to the stage manager of this house, and closely resembling him in appearance—made her first essay on any stage, in the character of Elvira, in the play of PIZARRO. That is one of the most arduous characters in the whole range of the drama; it may therefore be supposed, that none can pourtray it without possessing a large share of genius for the stage. The debutante, we say, we shall judge from her success in this part, has the groundwork upon which, by due attention, she may build for herself a name, that need not shrink from the lustre of the many luminaries which gild our dramatic hemisphere.

If composure, good recitation, and a proper conception of character, be precursors of a good actress, this lady has nothing to impede her onward course to celebrity. Her personation of the character of Elvira, taken altogether, was an excellent performance; and for a debutant, far better than could be reasonably expected. The lady, we presume, has the benefit of a good tutor, but it may be to her advantage to intimate, that less violence of gesture would make her still more attractive. A little attention to this department of the histrionic art, and she has nothing to fear from a discriminating audience.

Messrs. E. Forrest, Read, and Murdock, played with their accustomed skill and energy, and the tragedy was received with enthusiastic applause.

On Wednesday, the managers, with their usual liberality, devoted the proceeds of the house to the aid of the widow and children of the late William Warren. On the occasion, Mr. Booth appeared as Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr. Wood as Foliz, in the Hunter of the Alps, and Miss Clara Fisher, in the Actress of all Work. The house was well attended, and the entertainments were highly satisfactory.

The young gentleman who recently made his debut in Rolla, made his second appearance on any stage, on Thursday evening, in the character of Pierre. We were not present to witness his effort, but are informed by good judges, that his success was greater than on the previous occasion.

The Idiot Witness, a drama, and the American drama of the Forest Rose, are in preparation at this house.

Mr. Wallack has been re-engaged at the Chesnut Street Theatre. He has acquired a high degree of popularity, and draws crowded and fashionable houses. He is an actor of more than ordinary merit, is uniformly chaste and correct, and easy and graceful in his stage movements. In Martin Heywood, Dick Dashall, Rattle, and Massaroni, he is acknowledged to be without a rival. This evening is the last night of his re-engagement.

Mr. Wood's benefit took place on Thursday evening, on which occasion Morton's comedy of Education, or Friends and Enemies, was revived, and performed with a strong cast.

The Payne benefit, at the Park theatre, New York, which took place on Thursday evening, was a most attractive affair. The price of tickets was fixed at five dollars each, but all issued were purchased. The entertainments were Payne's tragedy of Brutus, Shakspeare's comedy of Katherine and Petruchio, Payne's comedy of Charles the Second, and various songs, recitations, &c. The principal performers were—Miss F. Kemble, who appeared as Katharine, Miss Rock, Mrs. Barnes, Miss Waring, Miss Hughes, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Kemble, who appeared as Petruchio, Mr. E. Forrest, who appeared as Brutus, Mr. Wallack, who appeared as Captain Copp, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Horn, and Mr. J. R. Scott, of the Arch street theatre. Mr. Cooper recited Alexander's Feast.

Miss Vincent, Mr. C. Kean, and Mr. Hamblin, are performing with success in Boston. Miss V.'s Julia, in the play of the Hunchback, is highly praised by the Boston critics. This lady has recently offered a premium of five hundred dollars, for the best tragedy, in which the principal character is a heroine of about her own age—eighteen years—and embracing equal capabilities with Julia, in the Hunchback, or Shakspeare's Juliet.

The *New York Standard* states, that letters have been received from Cincinnati, which mention the death, by cholera, in that city, of Mrs. Duff, the tragic actress. The Natchez Journal, however, of Nov. 2, mentions that Mrs. Duff was then performing in that place, having stopped there on account of the sickness in New Orleans, whither she was traveling with Mr. Caldwell's company.

The prospectus of a new daily paper, to be published in this city, has appeared in the public prints. It is to be printed on a super-royal sheet, and furnished to subscribers at five dollars a year. The design is novel, but one which we think will prove successful. The paper, in its politics, will be democratic, supporting the regular nominations of the party, but the editor promises to devote a large portion of his attention to general literature, the news of the day, &c. It will be published by R. T. Conrad, Esq., a gentleman every way calculated to make it worthy of a large share of public patronage.

A Free Trade Convention assembled at Milledgeville, Ga. on the 12th, after organizing, a resolution was introduced by Mr. Forsyth, to examine the credentials of the members, which gave rise to an animated debate, occupying three days. It was finally negatived, and upon the vote being recorded, fifty-three of the delegates rose and left the house, attended by the mace of the sixty-eight who remained, and by plaudits from the gallery. A protest against the proceedings of the body was afterwards handed in by Mr. Forsyth, but it was not read.

The Concert, given by the *Amicreontic Society*, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Tuesday evening, was fully and fashionably attended. Though a sufficient number of seats were provided for all the ladies, gentlemen were obliged to content themselves with less convenient places. The music, throughout, both vocal and instrumental, was excellent, and gave entire satisfaction to every person present. The entertainment is considered by good judges to have been one of the best ever presented to a Philadelphia audience.

The Glees were all given in fine style, and were warmly encored. The comic humour of the following seemed to give particular satisfaction:—

MYNHEER VANDUNCK.

Mynheer Vandunck,
Though he never was drunk,
Ss. n'd brandy and water gaily,
And he quench'd his thirst
With two quarts of the first,
To a pint of the Zeyder-Zee.
Singing O, that a Dutchman's draught could be,
As deep as the rolling Zeyder-Zee.

Water well mingled with spirit good store
No Hollander dreams of scorning,
But of water alone, he drinks no more
Than a rose sprinkles,
When a dew drop lies
On its bloom of a summer morning,
For a Dutchman's draught should potent be,
Thou deep as the rolling Zeyder-Zee.

Catechism of American Law.

The following testimonial of the value of this work, has been received by the publisher, from the venerable J. Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

"After a serious reading of the '*Catechism of American Law*,' I am free to say, I think it well adapted, both in manner and matter, to accomplish the intended purpose. It communicates that general information on legal subjects in which men of business are most frequently interested, with plainness and perspicuity. The magistrate, the merchant, and men of general business, will find it a compendium of useful knowledge, to which they may readily and conveniently resort. As a school book, it seems to me, to be calculated to impress this knowledge on the youthful mind in a form which will probably adhere to the memory.

"The principles of law appear to me to be correct. In some few instances, especially in the part relating to the rights of persons, a rule is laid down as general, which some of the states have varied by particular enactments. This, in the particular state which may have varied the rule, will be readily perceived, and cannot affect the utility of the work.

☞ With great respect, and the best wishes for the success of your work, I am your obedient,

J. MARSHALL."

The Nullification convention of South Carolina, now in session, have appointed committees to prepare the following papers,—An Ordinance declaring the Tariff null and void; an address to the people of the United States; and an exposition of the proceedings of the State of South Carolina. The following are the prominent features of the ordinance, which, it is said, will certainly be adopted by the convention:—

1st. The Tariff Acts of 1828 and 1832, for the protection of domestic manufactures, are declared *null and void*, and not binding on the citizens of this State without any exception.

2d. If the United States attempt to enforce the same, by Naval or Military force, or shutting our Ports, the Union is dissolved, and the Convention is to be called to form a Government for South Carolina.

3d. All Officers of the State, Civil or Military, are to take an oath on or before the 1st of February (of in the State,) to support the Ordinance, and Laws passed in pursuance thereof, or their Commissions to be vacated, as in case of death or resignation.

4th. No appeal to be taken from the decision of our Courts, and Jurymen, in addition to the usual oath, will be required to take an oath to put in effect this Ordinance, and the Laws passed in pursuance thereof.

Mr. Thomas T. Ash, has issued a specimen number of a new Journal, which he designs to publish regularly once a week, after the 7th of December, under the title of the '*Youth's Literary Gazette*.' The number before us comprises four quarto pages, which are closely filled with articles on history, the arts, sciences, and general subjects, suited to the capacity of young boys and girls. We know of no cause why such an undertaking should not be successful, and in proportion as it is useful in giving a correct tone to the juvenile mind, we shall derive pleasure from its extensive circulation. The terms are $1,00 per annum.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at New Orleans, 7th of Nov., of the prevailing epidemic, MRS. ANNA MARIA STEWART, relict of Dr. W. W. Stewart, (who died a few days previous) and daughter of the Rev. M. M. Carll, of this city. She was preparing to leave that "place of graves," to return to her parents, when it pleased her Heavenly Father to permit the destroyer to do his work. Her moral part has been consigned to the tomb, and her spirit to Him who gave it, leaving behind a little orphan boy of three years old, in a land of strangers, and amidst scenes of death, to mingle his infant tears with those around, and make the affecting appeal "where is my Mother."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

At a meeting of the Select and Common Councils, on Thursday evening last, Mr. Abraham Pennock was elected a Commissioner for erecting the new Almshouse, for the unexpired time of Anthony Cuthbert, deceased.

Last week 278 boats descended the Schuylkill with 11,312 tons of coal. The whole amount of coal sent from the Schuylkill regions this season is 197,399 tons.

A partial return of personal property of the late Stephen Girard, made to the Councils on Thursday evening, showed our city in possession of certain stock which has never, to our knowledge, been held by a city before, viz., one share in the "Courier des Etats-Unis," a newspaper, published in New York.

The report of the burning of the boiler of the steam boat William Penn, and the loss of several lives, on the Delaware, published in a Fredericksburg paper, is entirely without foundation. No accident of the kind happened.

Meetings have been held in various sections of this state, to absolve the Presidential Electors from their pledge to support Mr. Wilkins for the Vice Presidency. A Jackson State Convention is spoken of, to receive the formal withdrawal of Mr. Wilkins.

One of the pitchers prepared by order of the Councils, to be presented to the physicians in chief of the Cholera Hospitals, was brought to the Council Chambers on Thursday evening. It was a handsome piece of plate, well modelled, and capacious.

A valuable quarry of white marble has recently been discovered upon a tract of land belonging to Philip M. and Geo. F. H. Strawbridge, near Danville, in Columbia county, Pa.

We understand that a powerful effort will be made during the approaching session of the state legislature for the immediate suppression of lotteries.

Three nominations for the Presidential term, commencing in 1837, are already announced in the newspapers, viz., Gen. Jackson, in the Newburg Gazette; Daniel Webster, in the Duchess (N. Y.) Intelligencer; and William Wirt, in the Providence American.

A public meeting of the citizens of Bucks county is to be held at Doylestown, on Monday next, with the object of adopting measures for the reformation of the existing Militia Law.

Six deaths by Malignant Cholera occurred at the Boston House of Industry during last week.

The Boston Galaxy gives the following paragraph under the head of "*Melancholy*.—The old Court House, in Court street, long a nuisance to the city, took fire on Thursday morning, but did not burn down."

The house of Capt. Amos Kidder, of Chester, N. H., took fire, on the 22d inst., and was entirely destroyed. The family were asleep in their beds, and Miss Kidder, aged 19, and a boy, unable to escape, perished in the flames.

An act was passed at the last session of the Alabama Legislature, for the incorporation of a company to establish a communication by Rail-Road from the Tennessee River through that State to the Coast.

The Berks and Schuylkill Journal, published at Reading, is offered for sale. It is said to have a good subscription list.

Four hundred and sixteen shares of United States Bank Stock sold in New York on Saturday, at 114 a 114¼.

The North Carolina Legislature convened at Raleigh, on the 29th ult. In the Senate, W. D. Mosely, Esq. was elected Speaker; and Samuel F. Patterson, Clerk. In the House of Commons, Louis D. Henry, was chosen Speaker; and Charles Manly, Clerk.

The Auditor General's Report upon the finances of Pennsylvania, for the last year, shows that the receipts in the State Treasury have been $4,719,372 04—payments $4,602,204 88—balance 117,167 16.

A Potatoe, weighing 3¼ pounds, was raised this season, on the farm of Mr. A. Courtright, in Salem, Luzerne county, Pa. Mr. Courtright raised on the same farm the present season 420 bushels of corn (in the ear) on 4 acres.

The Tobacco manufacturing establishment of Messrs. Myres, at Richmond, was burnt down on Saturday night. It was the most extensive concern of the kind in the United States.

The American Theatre, at New Orleans, was announced to open on the 22d of Nov.

We learn by the brig Forest, from St. Kitts, Nov. 9, (says the New York Standard,) that the Island of Anguilla was, by proclamation of the governor, made a free port to foreign vessels, two days before the F. sailed. Salt was scarce and high.

A project is on foot in Pittsburgh, to build a theatre.

Several of the Anti-masonic papers have announced the Hon. Richard Rush, as the Anti-masonic candidate for United States Senator. We are informed, says the Harrisburg Telegraph, from a source entitled to credit, that Mr. Rush will not be a candidate.

The Harrisburg Reporter says—"We understand that George M. Dallas, Esq., will not be a candidate for re-election to the U. S. Senate.

A tailor of New York advertises that he will furnish gentlemen with four suits of clothes (of superior Saxony cloth) per annum, at $25 each, providing each old suit is returned on taking a new one.

In Bath, Maine, the dwelling house of Capt. John Patten, was broken open one night last week, and robbed of a small sum of money. The next day two persons, named M'Gowen and French, were arrested, and committed for the offence.

The packet ship Pulaski, was lost on the 20th October, on the north-east Key of the Tortugas, where she struck. The passengers were all saved, but a portion of the cargo was lost.

The Boston Evening Gazette, in noticing a small dueling affair which recently took place in this city, has transposed the parties, and made the challenged party pay the costs. Doughty, was the person bound over, and not Stockton.

Rhode Island election results in the choice of the Clay electoral ticket. The state ticket for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Senators, remain as it was —no choice.

Three table spoons-ful (not spoon-fulls, as some papers have it) *of sweet oil*, mixed with a pint of warm water, will relieve inveterate costiveness.

An Irishman, speaking of an iron coffin, said it would last a man all his life time!

We find the following in the Globe of Saturday:—"The Secretary of the Treasury acknowledges the receipt of *five hundred dollars*, transmitted anonymously by the mail from Philadelphia, *"for duties on goods not before accounted for."*

It is said that P. P. Barbour, of Virginia, will, in the event of the death of Chief Justice Marshall, before the expiration of Gen. Jackson's second term, be appointed the head of the Supreme Court.

The Legislature of North Carolina was to meet at Raleigh, on the 19th inst. The election for Governor was expected to cause some excitement, there being several candidates in the field.

The Governor of New York has appointed Thursday, the 13th of December next, to be observed by the citizens of that state, in the accustomed religious solemnities, festivities and thanksgiving.

Mr. Joseph Wandell, of this city, complains in the daily papers, that an accident which happened to him while traveling in the New York and Philadelphia Rail-Road Line, was occasioned by the carelessness of the driver of the stage, while racing with the opposition.

The whole number of votes polled in Ohio at the recent Presidential election, was 154,294. Of these, the Jackson ticket received 81,246—Clay ticket, 76,539—Wirt ticket, 509.

A case has been brought into one of the English courts, which involved the question whether pawnbrokers were liable to the pawners for goods which have been stolen by robbery, or destroyed by fire. There was a difference of opinion, but it was finally settled that the *broker is not liable*.

One of the Masonic Lodges of New Orleans, voted $1200 towards the relief of the suffering poor of that city, afflicted by yellow fever and cholera.

Funds are being collected in Boston, for the purpose of erecting a monument to SPURZHEIM.

Some person is exhibiting a picture in Boston, representing Adam and Eve. The *likenesses* are said to be good.

The two persons lately apprehended at Huntington, Pa., for passing counterfeit $10 notes on the Harrisburg Bank, were tried last week, and convicted.—They were sentenced to four years' imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburg.

ANOTHER VICTORY!—Mr. C., of Warwick, has this season raised a chicken having five toes on each foot.

General LAFAYETTE is a candidate for the chair of the House of [illegible], named by the opposition.—He has ceased visit the royal palace. His health at the last date was remarkably good, and he looked as well as he did ten years ago.

Two persons, one named Philip Slack, the other John Raney, were lately fined fifty dollars and imprisoned one hour in the county jail, for having voted in two different townships of Muskingum co., Ohio.

The Lancaster Theatre has re-opened, under the management of Messrs. Jefferson and M'Kenzie.

The Court of Oyer and Terminer of Lancaster co., adjourned on Sunday evening, after a fatiguing session. The most important case was that of the Commonwealth against Theophilus Hughes, for the murder of Michael Crogan. The prisoner was acquitted.

The Cholera has alighted at New Orleans. Business, on the 15th, was assuming its usual importance.

Mr. D. Fenton, of Trenton, has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, a History of New Jersey, by Thomas F. Gordon. Smith's history of that state extends only to 1756.

It is stated in the Albany Argus, that the number of votes polled in the state of New York at the late election is more than 330,000, and exceeds by about 45,000 the aggregate vote of 1828.

The auction store, 317 Pearl street, New York, was entered by false keys, and robbed of a vast amount of valuable property, on the night of the 1st of November. The offender, one Charles Lewis, was arrested by Hays last week, and committed for trial. A portion of the property was found in his possession.

The sash-maker's shop of Mr. Warwick, Cincinnati, was destroyed by fire, on the 15th ult. Loss $25,000—no insurance.

An old man, a stranger in the city, was knocked down in the streets of New York, a few evenings since, and robbed of all his money. He knows not who are the aggressors.

Wire Cord,

IS manufactured and constantly kept for sale wholesale and retail at the store of the subscriber; also, assorted brass rapt of very superior quality. Pianos' set and spool cotton. Persian's wire set spool lace. Chapin's black spool cotton. Middleton's and d. spool cotton: Reticule Cord, of a new and elegant style of French manufacture. Rug lapse, for weaving and rug needles, hand do.; white Wadding at 75 cts and $1 25 per doz.; No. 25 bb Patent Thread at $1 00 per lb. elegant plated hooks and eyes, &c. &c. Also, just received, a few doz. blue black silk reels at $1 00 per dozen. Shoemakers and others will find our prices very reasonable. I. H. WIGGINS.

dec 1—tf S. E. corner of Fifth & Spruce sts.

A CARD.

MR. GRANT, Instructor of VOCAL MUSIC and the PIANO FORTE. For Terms, &c. apply at No. 147 Chesnut street, opposite the United States Bank. dec 1—3t d

THE JOURNAL OF HEALTH,
AND RECREATION.

NO. 3. FOR NOVEMBER, IS JUST PUBLISHED.

Health—the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss.

CONTENTS.—Of Light—Go Farmers Path—Sketch of the Life and Character of the Valley of the Mississippi—My Uncle's Experience—Facial Expression—The Five Senses—Fredrica the Great—Home—Physiognomy—American Law—Caldwell on Intemperance—Cause of Melancholy—Political Nicknames—Address from the King of Bavaria—Table of the German Confederation—Arts and Artists.

The Journal of Health and Recreation is published monthly, at the rate of $1 25 per annum. Each No. to consist of 72 pages 8vo. The work will contain numerous engravings in illustration of the subject matter.

The three first volumes of the Journal of Health, bound or unbound, constantly on hand—a liberal discount to booksellers and dealers, by the quantity.

Letters, free of postage, addressed to S. C. ATKINSON, 13 Hudson's Alley, Philadelphia, will meet with prompt attention. dec 1—tf

ALMANAC.

1832. DECEMBER.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Moon rises and sets.	Moon's phases.
1 Saturday,	7 19	4 41	9 8	
2 Sunday,	7 20	4 41	9 53	2d. m.
3 Monday,	7 20	4 40	10 39	
4 Tuesday,	7 21	4 39	11 26	
5 Wednesday,	7 21	4 39	0 2	Full 7 39m
6 Thursday,	7 22	4 38	0 41	Last 14 7 28m
7 Friday,	7 22	4 38	1 25	New 23 9 37m
8 Saturday,	7 23	4 37	2 34	First 30 2 m

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday evening, the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. James, Mr. CHARLES M. BAKER, of Massachusetts, to MARY, daughter of Wm. H. Morgan, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 22d ult. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. ROBERT C. SCOTT, of this city, to Miss JANE JOHNSON, of Kensington.

On Sunday, 18th ult. by the Rev. Jeremiah Kelly, Mr. DANIEL A. HERR, to Miss ELIZA DOYLE, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, 22d ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, Wm. A. SMITH, to ANN E. daughter of James J. Rush, Esq. all of this city.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. RICHARD MARSH, to Miss MARY ANN CANNAIL, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, at Oxford, Chester county, Penn. by the Rev. C. G. M'Lean, of Gettysburg, RICHARD J. CROSS, of Baltimore, to MARY J. eldest daughter of the Rev. E. Dickey, D. D. of the former place.

In Milford, Conn. Mr. ELIAS SMITH, to Mrs. LOUISA STOW; Mr. HENRY P. HEARSEY, to Miss SUSAN C. STOW; Mr. JOSIAH TISDALE, to Miss MARTHA STOW; Mr. JEREH MERWIN, to Miss SARAH STOW; Mr. NATHAN ELIS, to Miss CHARLOTTE STOW; Mr. ——— HUBBELL, to Miss DELIA STOW; Mr. JASON CLARK, to Miss GRACE ANN, daughters of Captain Samuel Stow —all this *arcading* has taken place since the 1st Sept. last.

On the 6th of October, by the Rev. S. G. Winchester, Mr. JOHN D. STEVENSON, merchant, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss SARAH, daughter of the late Simon Hackett, of this city.

On Thursday, 29th ult. by the Rev. John L. Degg, Mr. HIRAM CLEAVER, of Delaware Co. to Miss JANE ABRAHAM, daughter of the late Enoch Abraham, of Delaware county, Pa.

On Wednesday evening, 21st ult. by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. JACOB H. COATS, to Miss HELEN CLOUD, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. Charles P. Hopkins, Capt. GEORGE T. BOON, to Miss HANNAH, only daughter of the Rev. John P. Cooper, all of Salem, N. J.

On Third-day evening, 20th ult. by Joseph Watson, Esq. ROBERT B. FOWLER, of Georgetown, D. C. to MARIA LUKENS, of this city.

He knew whatt what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Answer to the Enigma in the Post of Nov. 10.

To have the food name that to all is most dear,
Take two fifths of *month*, the twelfth part of a year,
Which is one, then add the name of great *Nep.*
The General, who flourish'd in Bonaparte's day,
From these you have *money*, which keeps mankind in motion,
And sends them to wander o'er earth and the ocean.

W. H. D.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BROKEN LEG.

A TRUE STORY, TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN.

Benjamin Snow, was an upright man, industrious at his business, and had plenty to do. He was a man of a clear head and had served his fellow citizens on several occasions, with great credit to himself and advantage to them. He had a wife and children and made a good husband and father. Unhappily, he took to drinking intemperately, and when he was intoxicated became worthless—worse than the meanest vagabond in the streets; he cursed and swore, quarrelled with all around him, pretended to be very wise, and could not bear contradiction, maltreated his wife and children, in short, made himself the laughing stock and abhorrence of every body.

It is a pity for that man, said his neighbours; they pitied him, at the same time despised the drunkard.

Benjamin had friends, sincere friends, who grieved at his misconduct. They reasoned with him, exhorted and entreated him; his poor wife shed thousands of tears, but in vain; he had become a perfect slave to his vile passion and could not restrain himself from drinking immederately. At last his friends applied to a physician; singular as this application may appear, it was founded on good sense. A physician, if he is what he ought to be, must be full of resources in extraordinary cases in his profession, and is very likely to be so on other emergencies, as was fortunately the case in this instance. The physician told them that he would attempt a cure on condition they would second him and keep it a profound secret, requesting he should be called the first time he was found drunk. No long time elapsed before they had occasion to do so. Benjamin lay drunk in a gutter. The physician came, examined him and pronounced that he had broken his leg; his friends burst out in loud lamentation, a crowd collected round, the report reached his wife and children, all joined in bewailing the accident by which poor Benjamin had broken his leg. He was carried home; the physician, prepared with splints, bandages, &c., splinted, bandaged and cased the leg (which was as sound as the day he was born) to such a degree that he could not stir.

By this time Benjamin had come a little to himself, but what with the uproar about him, the pressure of the bandages and the remaining fumes of the liquor, he readily gave into it that, in his drunkenness he had really broken his leg, and vowed never to touch the unhallowed cup again. For three long months the physician kept him tied down, deeming that time requisite to break an inveterate habit, treating him in a proper manner as to diet, not to injure his constitution. At last he was released from his confinement, and it was ludicrous to see how timedly he bobbled along for fear of his broken leg.

The habit was broken; Benjamin continued to the end of his days a sober and respectable man. It was many years after this trick had been played him that his friends informed him of it, and it was only then that he walked with confidence on his broken leg.

EPIGRAM.

"Let the loud thunder roll along the skies,
Clad in my virtue, I the storm despise."
"Indeed!" cries Peter, "how your lot I bless—
To be so *sheltered* in so *thin* a dress!"

During the canvass of a Mr. Garnett among the electors of Jalford, (Eng.) he and his friends called at a huckster's shop, in which was only a boy, who, having learned their business, went to the foot of the stairs, and called to his mother, who was above, "Mether, here's a man as wants yo't vote for him t' be a Parliament man."—"Well," shouted his mother, "tell him thy fey-ther's not in, but if he'll chalk his name on the counter, we'll inquire into his character."

Unexpended Balance.—A genuine Irishman, who was in Congress a few years ago, from the western part of Pennsylvania, made a speech upon the Cumberland Road bill. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "if Congress were to appropriate $100,000 towards the repair of the Cumberland road, and the Secretary of War should expend 150,000 for that purpose, the remaining 50,000 would be the unexpended balance."

In the year 1777, two soldiers took a fancy to go and hear a sermon; the orator was Mr. Murray, well known for his doctrine of universal salvation. In the afternoon of the same day, another preacher exhibited; but his doctrine was diametrically the reverse of what they had heard in the morning. "Tom," said one of them, "do you hear how differently these folks preach? Which of them do you intend to believe?" "I'll be shot," says Tom, "if I'll believe either of 'em yet a while, till I see it come out in general orders."

Napoleon and the Twelve Apostles.—Napoleon having entered one of the cities of Italy, the holy fathers recommended to him the reliques of their church. "Sire, will you deign to take our Apostles under your protection?" "Your Apostles! are they of wood?" "No, Sire." "Of what are they then?" "Of silver, Sire,—of solid silver." "Solid silver!" replied Napoleon, quickly, "Yes, I shall belo them to fulfil their mission; it has been ordained that they should go throughout the world, and they shall." Having said so, the Emperor sent the twelve Apostles to the Mint at Paris.

When General O'Hara commanded at Gibraltar, he found it necessary to issue an order that no person should gallop his horse in the streets, as from their narrowness it became dangerous to the inhabitants. Soon after, as he was walking down the town, he perceived a man coming towards him on horseback as hard as he could drive. The General roared out, "Stop! who the devil are you?" The man reined up, and putting his hand to his hat, answered, "Plase your honor, I am Patrick Mahoney on a *runaway horse!*"

Notes by the Way-side.—And whence has "New Hampshire" its derivation? we asked of the antiquary.

He hesitated a moment.

"I will tell you," said he.

When the colony of the pilgrims had pushed the speculations of culture, farther into the interior, lopped off more of the natural luxuriant redundancies of the new world. When colonies were sent out to pitch their log house in the wilderness of woods, one among the number became very short of provisions, and it was feared the whole would die of starvation. They called loudly on the mother colony for assistance. This was not refused but in consequence of an unusual drought, the scarcity had been general. That venturesome spirit, which is a characteristic of the genuine Yankee, induced many to turn speculators. In whatever direction you cast your eye, "the broad and staring capitals" NEW HAMS HERE, met its vision. And from many a soft and cherry cheek'd lassie, did the then enchanting sound proceed of "new hams here"—"new hams here." Every person who was not in absolute necessity, and could shoulder a ham, hung out his sign and turned pork merchant. And I have now given you as far as I could recollect, the origin of the appellation of the New England State, "New Hampshire."

The people of Paris, when they had conquered in the struggle of the three days, cried out to Lafayette, "If we must have a king, why not have you?" "To that question," said the General, "I may reply in the words of Marshal Saxe, when it was proposed to him to become a member of the French Academy—'That would suit me as well as diamond rings would suit a cat.'" We wish there were a little more of this kind of modesty on this side of the Atlantic!

Farmer Positive and his Five Shirts.—We lately heard of an incident which occurred in a neighboring town, quite too good to be lost. In 1834, a clever, comely farmer, whom we shall call *Mr. Positive*, was rather unexpectedly elected a member of the Legislature. Being a *home-rooss*, and not correctly anticipating the necessities attending a transit to the Capitol, he went on with a too limited stock of shirts—with coat and boots, which he afterwards found, much to his regret, fell some short of the *Legislative mark*. Previous to the last election, his old friends concluded to put him forward as their candidate. Presuming them to possess a decided control in the town, Mr. Positive concluded he should succeed as a matter of course—he thought there would be *no mistake about it*. Recollecting the embarrassments growing out of the limited extent of his wardrobe last year, our confident candidate determined to obviate them, on the coming occasion. A quantity of "Superfine Dover" was obtained—a seamstress called in—and six *fine shirts* were made and "done up," expressly for the Montpelier campaign. The Tailor and Boot-maker were also put in requisition to furnish suitable outer and nether appendages. In fact, friend Positive had "all things in order" to take his seat in the "big house," a good week before election. In the mean time the opposition were busy marshalling their forces for the conflict. They *counted noses*, and were confident of success. They even went so far as to intimate to Farmer Positive that he would be elected to stay at home. But he and his friends thought "his popularity could withstand every thing," and they treated the predictions of their opponents with utter contempt. At length the *trying hour* came, and Squire Positive came out *minus*. When the momentary surprise was over, he thought of his new shirts, coat and boots—and he wished the money they had cost him was in his pocket again, and the fine shirts at the d—l.

It so happened, that through one of those vicissitudes to which all things, and especially, political events, are liable, the opposition had just "swept the decks," and elected the neighbor of Squire Positive, their representative. The result was unexpected to himself and friends.

A rusty, simple, but at times, somewhat waggish character, who lived in the neighborhood—aware of the *early preparations* of Squire P. to make a northern tour—his defeat at the polls, and *sad non-plus*—and the election of Mr W., made a voluntary call upon Squire P. a few days after the election, to ask a favor in behalf of Mr W. After entering the house and passing civilities, Quiz addressed Mr P. as follows: "Perhaps you have heard, Squire, that Mr W. has got the 'lection. He had no idea of the thing till the day, when they whapt him in, is a gifkin. He's got to start off to Montpelier in a few days, whether or no, and as he hasn't got shirts enough to last him through the Session, I've just called to see if you would lend him half a dozen or so, as I'm told you're got a grand lot of new ones that you wont have any use for." Positive, not relishing the request, ordered the rascal to quit his premises, instantly—loudly vociferating that W. might go to Montpelier shirtless, for all he cared. [Vermont Courier.

Dry Jos.—Some time ago, an elderly matron, no way famed for her liberality, employed the village mason to make some alterations in the kitchen fire-place. During the operation, John observed several times, that it was a very *stourie* (dusty) job, and that he would not be the worse of something to *wyd* (wash) it down. The bottle was at length brought forward, along with a small thistle glass, which was filled to a genteel and respectful distance from the brim, and handed to the mason. Ye'll no muckle the waur o' that, I'm thinkin' John, says the lady, when he finished his dram. Atweel no, mem, said John, casting a contemptous look on the dwarfish glass, although it had been *vitriol!*

Good Reason for Abstinence.—A party of volunteers in the royal service, being taken prisoners by the Highland army, at the battle of Falkirk, in 1746, were put into a barn at the neighboring village of St. Fintans, where, during the whole evening, they remained without meat or drink. At length, an exciseman, one of the Glasgow militia, undertook to speak for himself and companions, to a Celtic sergeant, who had the command of the guard. Sergeant, said he, do you mean to starve us to death? If it's our turn to day it may be your's tomorrow: though we are prisoners of war, are we to get neither victuals nor drink? What the muckle devil, replied the Highlander, with great state, do you want wi' ta vittal and drink? you hawe ta more whether or no.

At New London, Connecticut, the following inscription is found on a grave stone: "On the 30th of October, 1781, 4,000 English fell upon this town, with fire and sword—700 Americans defended the fort for a whole day; but in the evening, about 4 o'clock, it was taken. The commander of the besieged delivered up his sword to an Englishman, who *immediately stabbed him*; all his comrades were put to the sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine of the fort to the sea, then to be lighted, thus to blow the fort up into the air. William Hotman, who lay not far distant, wounded by three strokes of the bayonet in his body, beheld it, and said to one of his wounded friends who was still also alive, "*we will endeavor to travel to this line; we will completely wet the powder with our blood; thus will we, with the little life that remains to us, save the fort and the magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades, who are only wounded.*" He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. In his thirtieth year he died on the powder which he overflowed with his blood. His friends, and seven of his wounded companions, by that means, had their lives preserved." [After this simple narrative, are the following words in large characters:) "Here rests *William Hotman.*"

Weight of Men at different ages.—M. de Quetelet has lately read a paper at the Academy of Sciences at Brussles on this subject. The principal conclusions to which he has come are:—1. From the period of birth there exists an equality as to weight and height between children of both sexes; the medium weight of boys at Brussels is three kilogrammes twenty, of girls two kilogrammes ninety-one; the height of boys is 0.498, of girls 0.483. 2. The weight of the infant diminishes a little about the third day after birth, and there is no sensible increase until after the first week. 3. At the same age the male is generally heavier than the female; it is only about the age of twelve that both are about the same weight. 4. When the man and women have arrived at their complete size they weigh most exactly twenty times what they did at the moment of birth, while their heights is not more than thrice and a quarter what it was at the same time. 5. In old age both the man and woman loose about six or seven kilogrammes of their respective weights, and seven centimes of their height. 6. During the development of individuals of both sexes, we may consider their weight at different ages as proportinate to the fifth powers (*four cinquiemes buissances*) of their stature. 7. After the complete development of individuals of both sexes, their weights are very nearly as the quarter of their height: from these two points it is deduced that the increase in height is greater than transversely, consisting of bulk and thickness. 8. The man attains the maximum of weight about forty, and commences loosing it sensibly after sixty. 9. The woman attains her maximum of weight not until fifty. During the time of her fecundity, that is to say from eighteen to forty, her weight increases very little, sensibly. 10. When the height is equal the woman weighs a little less than the man under the height of one m. forty, over the height she weighs a little more. 11. The mean weight of an individual, leaving out of consideration sex and age, is about forty-four kilogrammes seven; and taking into account the sexes it is forty-seven for the man, and forty-two kilogrammes two for the woman.—*Cabinet de Lecture.*

If you see half a dozen faults in a woman, you may rest assured she has a hundred virtues to counterbalance them. I love your faulty and fear your faultless woman; dread her as you would a beautiful snake. The power of completely concealing the defects that she must have, is of itself a serious vice.

The following item is from a lawyer's bill supplied by a firm in Red Lion Squire, London. —"For calling on Mr.——, but *unfortunately* did not find him at home, 6s. 6d." The same *unfortunate* circumstance occurs five times in as many days.

The Negroes of Congo.—Most of the superstitious peculiar to the savage state, are prevalent among the Congo Negroes. The God of Thunder is an object of peculiar reverence, and his supposed wrath is at times appeased by the sacrifice of human victims, whose flesh is divided among the crowd, and devoured by them.

When the sorcerers or sooth-sayers have announced the necessity of allaying the gods' vengeance by such a holocaust, attempts are immediately made to ensnare some young man or woman from a neighbouring tribe, under pretence of raising them to a high station, or showing them peculiar marks of honour; the unfortunate victims fall into the snare, and are received with caresses and feasting; then led to some public spot, where the scaffold awaits them, and the rude multitude welcomes their appearance with shouts of joy; at the very moment when intoxicated with their adulations a death-blow from behind is given them; their last sighs are drowned in the ferocious howling of their kidnappers, and the breath has scarcely departed, before the body is torn in pieces and shared amongst them. The individual who has succeeded in entrapping the victim, is raised to the honours of nobility. Douville was himself more than once in imminent danger of falling a sacrifice—on one occasion the priest had kept him incarcerated eight days, and the people were impatiently awaiting the hour of his immolation, when he melted the hearts of his gaolers by an offering of a handsome red cloak, some cotton cloth, and a few bottles of rum.

On a subsequent occasion, when at Youvo, where he discovered a gold mine, the Monatu or chief tempted him to stay amongst his tribe by the most extravagant offers, one of which was his niece, who had reached her hundred and forty-second moon, and was born to the happiness, as the uncle said, of becoming his wife-in-chief. Douville, however, instead of listening to the invitation, evinced his anxiety to get away: the kind Monatu, as a proof of the vehemence of his attachment to him, took an opportunity of poisoning his attendants, in order that he might be incapacitated from gaining the coast. Here, again, the traveller would have been lost, had he not happily bethought himself of the priests' cupidity, and made them some rich presents, in aid of which came a lucky storm, which they announced as a manifestation of the divinity's anger at the detention of the white man.—*Athenæum.*

A Regal Lunatic.—Christian the Seventh of Denmark, who died in 1808, it is well known, was long a lunatic. He knew one written document from another by its outward appearance, but seemed to delight in affixing his signature any where but on the fitting spot. Here he would decorate it with letters as large as the sheet itself, and there he would sketch all sorts of grotesque figures upon it, or subscribe some important decree of the Cabinet, like a Cockney chapman, with the words "Christian and Company." It was no rare occurrence for the striken Monarch to labour hard at inditing his signature for an hour or two, and then, sending his pen to the furthest corner of the apartment, cry out, "We will no more; we've signed enough to-day!" He was one day conversing with a foreign Envoy, when he suddenly stroked his proboscis, exclaiming "If your master's nose had been pulled so long as my servants have pulled mine, his would be just as long as my own." Those who dined at his table usually made no account of his Royal presence, but chatted, roared, and amused themselves as if he had been a thousand miles from the spot. On one occasion, some ladies on either side of him having bent across him for the purpose of whispering some secret into one another's ears, he pushed each of their heads back into its proper place, then threw his cleached hands on the table, looked round with fury in his eyes, and raising his voice to its loudest pitch, roared out amidst their revels, "Suppose I should suddenly come to the right use of my senses again—what next would you expect?" You might have heard a feather drop on the ground as the posing thundering query echoed in their ears. There was not a soul present but quaked at the proof of returning sanity; nor did his majesty choose to relieve them of their anxiety for several minutes. At last he nodded to them, and resumed with a good humoured smile, "Well, well, my friends, we'll let it pass for this once!"—*From the inedited Reminiscences of a Courier of his Times.*

Slave Marriage.—There have been many elaborate works published on the marriage ceremonies of various nations, both savage and civilized. I do not, however, remember to have read of any so brief and *unceremonious* as the following, which I had the opportunity of witnessing, when on a visit to a gentleman in Carolina. A fine looking negro, and the handsomest malatto, or yellow girl I had ever seen, were the parties who desired to be made one for life. The matter was thus arranged: In the course of our evening walk, my friend, the planter, was sheepishly addressed by the slave in these words—Please, massa, me want to marry Ruddiky, (this is the nigger for Eurydice.) Does Ruddiky want to marry you? Yes, massa. If you marry her, I won't allow you to run after the other girls on the plantation—you shall live like a decent fellow with your wife. Massa, me hab her so, dat me dont care nothing for de oder gals. Marry her then, and be cursed. Yes, massa. Washington then gave Ruddiky a kiss, and from that day they became man and wife. No other form than that of permission from their owner, thus graciously accorded, being necessary to legalize their union.—*Whittaker's Monthly Magazine.*

The Fowls Bewitched at Moorshedabad.—The following singular occurrence is reported to have occured recently in the house of a Moosoolman contractor a Moorshedabad. His corn was said to be protected by the Hindoo goddess Lukshmee, who was very much annoyed at the fowls who came in to pick up the grains of rice. The goddess complained to the Moosoolman and ordered him to slay the fowls. He replied, that they had been bred in his house, and that he could not do so; on which Lukshmee said she would curse them, by ordering snakes to enter them. The story having been noised abroad, the Moosoolmans of the place pretended that, on opening the fowls, they could discover the serpent concealed in them, and refused, therefore, to use them for food. The consequence of this is, that, at Moorshedabad, fowls have recently been sold at so low a rate as 2 pice a piece. We have many doubts as to the entrance of the serpents into the fowls, but that a belief in the story has reduced the price of them to almost nothing, we have from the best authority. We are sure our European readers will wish, most earnestly, that the serpents would be so good at to enter the fowls in the Calcutta market in like manner.—[Sumachar Durpun, a native paper, printed at Calcutta.]

Pompous Language.—A person who kept a ferry on the Potomac river, was fond of pompous language; and in common discourse used it to such degree that few people could understand the meaning. A gentleman inquiring his father's health, he answered as follows:—

"Sir, the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere has so congealed the pellicid aqueous fluid, of the enormous river Potomac, that with the most eminent and superlative reluctive, I was constrained to procrastinate my premeditated egress into the palatine province of Maryland, for the medical, chemical, and galenical coadjutancy and co-operation of a distinguished sensitive son of Esculapius, until the peecant delaterious matter of the athritis had pervaded the craneum, into which it had ascended and penetrated from the inferior pedestrical major digit of my parental relative in consanguinity, whereby his morbosity was magnified so exorbitantly an absolute extinguishment of vivification."

Auctions.—Strange enough, most of the ordinary usages of life, social, commercial and martial, may be traced up to the remotest antiquity. Who would suppose that a sale by auction, and the red flag, which denotes the locality of him of the hammer, could by the stretch of fancy, be assimilated with the Roman General or Imperator, wielding his baton or truncheon: the symbol, in all ages, of military command? And yet they are the same, as far as their functions with respect to sales are concerned. The system of sale by auction originated with the Romans, who sold their spoils in war under a spear fixed in front of the General's tent. The spear was decorated with, or in the immediate vicinity of the crimson standard, which indicated the tent or residence of the supreme commander, in the centre of his camp.

Literary Men, by some extraordinary fatality, seem to be doomed to pecuniary embarrassment. Other people make fortunes out of their labors, while they live and die bankrupts. Byron, with the enormous sums he received for his brilliant productions, and with the fortune he inherited, saw his furniture and library pass under the bailiff's hammer. Roscoe, too, the once wealthy—the talented and lamented Roscoe, was strip of his splendid library and his splendid fortune. Moore had to quit his country on account of pecuniary embarrassment—not a fault of his own; but the treachery and fraud of a subordinate whom he employed, involved him in a debt of 20,000*l.* we believe. And last, not least, Sir Walter Scott, after his immense labors, and immense income by the failure of others, left not a single pound for his family, but left debts to the amount of 50,000*l.* or 80,000, which will sweep away every thing he left, and leave his creditors unsatisfied.—Happy for the man of genius, that if he leave no goods nor chattels, lands nor tenements to his family, he can yet bequeath to the world, what is beyond the reach of creditors and catchpoles—the monument of his genius and the immortality of his name. These at least, in common with the world, may be inherited by his children—and proud may they be of such an inheritance.

EDINBURGH POLICE OFFICE.

An Extraordinary Hat Merchant.—On Monday *Barney Flinn* was charged with interrupting passengers in the Cowgate. As he stood at the bar, Barney's whole toggery was not worth sixpence, particularly his small clothes, which required the immediate aid of a gentleman fashioner.

Magistrate—You are a fine figure! Don't you think shame of yourself?

Barney—Och, your honor, it's long since that left me. It was your unmanly police fellows that tore me so.

Magistrate—Was you drunk last night?

Barney—No, your honor, I had only two gazzterns the whole blessed day.

Magistrate—Of whiskey?

Barney—To be sure, your honor.

Magistrate—A pretty dose. No wonder the cholera is raging so much.

No. 1. Patrole, declared that Barney went up to a shearer, and without ceremony knocked off his hat, saying, "you have a shocking bad hat, man," at the same time putting one of two he had in his hand on Saunder's head, with "now, Sir, you look like a gentleman, and all for the small charge of sixpence, your old castor is return." Saunders wished to get away, but Barney kept close to him, bawling out to every one, "you have a shocking bad hat, sir; I say, sir, you have got a shocking bad hat. A great assemblage was collected, to the great annoyance of the public.

An Irish scavenger, newly imparted, was next examined.

Superintendant—What do you know of this case?

Pat—Sure, why, and I never saw such a hatter is all my life. This here chap, Barney, the hat broker, hit off my topper, and put one of his own on my head; and give it such a knock that it come over my eyes, your honor, and, as your honor sees, nearly cut off my nose, and then he swore that I now looked like a true Hibernian.

Superintendant—Had the hat a crown?

Pat—Why, your honor's worship, it could not be a hat at all at all, if it wanted a crown.

Barney—Och, say now, was it not you yourself that made the crowd? Had you not tipt me the cis (sixpence) and had not swore that you would give me a fistful into my chatterbox, it would have been all as sweet as a new boiled murphy, with a bit of point, you see.

Pat—Och be asy now, you cussing fellow Arrah, you knocked off my head, and offered me another for twopence of boot, because mine was not worth a ha'penny? Och, now, no more of your blarney. I'm up to you, Barney.

Superintendant—This will not do, Barney.

Barney—Hasn't a man a right to sell his goods the best he can?

Magistrate—You have no right, sir, to stop people going along the streets.

Barney—Why, an' please your honour's worship, when I see a man with a shocking bad hat, it's my call to tell him I have a better; and how could I sell my hats unless I try them on the fellows' heads?

Magistrate—I should wish to be excused from having such a fitter, and have a good mind to fine you; but you seem to be a stupid fellow, and I will discharge you on your promise to behave better in future.

"God bless your honor," said Barney, and walked off.

Superstitious Cures.—1. A ring made of the hinge of a coffin, will prevent cramp—[I have hardly ever known it fail.]

2. A halter wherewith any one has been hanged, if tied about the head, will cure the headache. [Tight round the neck is an infallible cure.]

3. Moss growing on a human skull, if dried, powdered, and taken as snuff, will cure the headache.

4. A dead man's hand will dispel wens or swelled glands—if it be rubbed nine times on the place affected. [Recollect nine times, no other number will do.]

5. Touch a dead body—one simple touch, and it will prevent you from dreaming of it.

6. Steal a piece of beef; rub warts with it—then bury it or throw it over the left shoulder, and do not look behind you—when the beef rots, your warts will decay. [I have tried this once, and never knew it fail.]

7. A fragment of a gibbit or gallows, on which one or more individuals have been executed, if worn next the skin, will prevent or cure the ague. [I have never tried this. Ma has, and although she travelled through the low country one summer she never had the ague.]

8. A stone, with a hole in it, hung at the bed's head, will prevent the nightmare. [I have always had this hanging at my bed's head, and I have never yet had the night mare.]

9. If a tree of any kind be split, and weakly children drawn through it, and afterwards the tree be bound together, so as to make it unite—as the tree heals the child will acquire strength. [Brother Tommy was perfectly cured in this way.]—*Virginia Museum.*

Irish Logic.—"That's a fine stream for trouts, friend," observed a piscatorial acquaintance, the other day, to a genuine "Sprig" from the emerald isle, who was whipping away with great vigor at a well known and favourite pool. "Fait, and it must be that same, sure enough," returned Pat, "for deuce a one of 'em will stir out of it."

The greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.

Warts.—Mr. Lawrence, surgeon to Bartholomew's Hospital, in his lectures on Surgery, makes the following observation on warts:—"When warts are so situated as to produce no particular inconvenience, and not to occasion any deformity, they may be safely left to themselves. They sometimes are, however, so seated about the hands and fingers as to interfere with some motion or some office to which those parts are destined. The easiest way to get rid of warts is to pare off the thickened skin which covers the prominent wart; cut it off by successive layers; shave it till you come to the surface of the skin, and till you draw blood in two or three places. When you have thus denuded the surface of the skin, rub the part thoroughly over with lunar caustic, and one effective operation of this kind will generally destroy the wart; if not, you cut off the black spot which has been occasioned by the caustic, and apply it again, or you may apply acetic acid, and thus you will get rid of it."

Acuteness of Hearing in Animals.—Cats and dogs can hear the movements of their prey at incredible distances, and that even in the midst of noise, which we should have thought would have overpowered such effects. Rabbits, when alarmed, forcibly strike the earth with their feet, by the vibrations of which they communicate their apprehensions to burrows very remote. As an instance of the discriminating power of the ear of the elephant, we may mention a circumstance that occurred in the memorable conflict of shooting the maddened elephant at Exeter 'Change. "After the soldiers had discharged thirty balls, he stooped and deliberately sunk on his haunches. Mr. Herring, conceiving that a shot had struck him on a vital part, cried out, 'he's down, boys! he's down!' and so he was only for a moment. He leapt up with renewed vigor, and at least eighty balls were successively discharged at him from different positions before he fell a second time. Previous to this he had nearly brought down the building of Exeter 'Change by his furious lunges, flying round his den with the speed of a race horse. In the midst of the crash of timber and the hallooing of the assailants, he recognized the voice of the keeper in his usual cry, '*Chance bite—Chance bite*" which was his command to kneel, and the noble beast actually knelt, and received a volley of balls that terminated his suffering."—[Gardiner's Music of Nature.]

Ostrich Eggs.—These will sometimes weigh about three pounds. They are reckoned a delicate article of food, and are dressed in various ways for the table. Owing to the thickness and strength of their shell, they are easily preserved for a great length of time, even at sea, and without the trouble of constantly turning them. At the Cape of Good Hope they are usually sold for about sixpence a piece; and from their large size, one of them will serve two or three persons at a meal. Within them are often found a number of oval shaped pebbles, of the size of a marrow fat pea, of a pale yellow hue, and exceedingly hard, which are frequently set and used for buttons.

The rot in Sheep.—Arthur Young says that feeding sheep in dew is found to rot them more than any thing else; on which account they do not let them out of fold till the sun has exhaled the dew from their pastures. The same writer gives the following receipt for this disorder—"Give to each sheep one spoonful of spirits of turpentine, mixed with two of water; after fasting twelve hours let them have three doses; staying six days between each dose; this is said to have been used with success, even in cases where the fleece has been nearly gone, and the throat terribly swelled."

Dogs, when blindfold, have the power of finding their way by the sense of smell; every hare, field, or town, has its particular smell. [Sir Humphry Davy.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

Be it Remembered, That on the twenty third day of July, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit:

A Catechism of American Law. Adapted to popular Use. "The right whereof he claims as Proprietor; in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-rights."

FRAS. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District.

Mineral Water.

Laning & Lukens, No. 118 North Fifth street, have prepared mineral water, with J. H. Lasing's Patent Apparatus, this season early and from the reputation it has already and will ultimately sustain, we wish those who are furnished by us, and those who make mineral water with this machine, not to confer the reputation which we, or the machine is entitled to, to any sick or person traveling in the public, that the water is made by any other process, or by any other process, art, or magic, but that of J. H. Lasing's complete and improved apparatus.

Now in order to prevent further fraud, and imposition on the public, "and that those who may wish to be furnished next year, or purchase an apparatus, may have an opportunity of doing so with confidence, we have procured the following certificate, signed by a few respectable druggists, who are using furnished by us, or vending mineral water, made with J. H. Lasing's Portable Apparatus.

"We the undersigned, believe what we have seen and experienced, respecting J. H. Lasing's Portable Mineral Water Apparatus, are the subject of the opinion, the water prepared with it, is pure, and equal to any prepared in the old fashioned way with a press, as I if any difference, it is undoubtedly in favor of the new process

Dr. Reuben Means,	corner of Fifth and Race street.
Dr. Wm. Wilson,	corner of Twelfth and Spruce.
David Seibert,	corner of Fourth and South st.
Edward Hopper,	No. 202 North Third street.
Edward Wilson,	corner of 4th & Every' street.
Samuel R. Wales,	corner of 12th & Walnut st.
Robert Fiser,	Race near Eleventh street.
Martin & Bro dell,	corner of Fifth and Noble street.
E. Jones,	corner of 2nd and Green streets st.
Dr. W Mosch,	Green street, Kensington.

Price $—Store

Hull's Truss.—Removal.

Dr. A. G. Hull respectfully informs Surgeons, Druggists, & all the public generally, that the agency for the sale of his improved patent Truss is removed from No. 28 North Eighth street, to No. 118 Arch street, above Fourth, where an assortment of the improvements adopted to the different species of Hernia, to which adults and children are subject, will be kept constantly on hand.

N. B. Trusses made and fitted by a physician when required, without additional charge. may 19—1yeow

Valuable Stand for Business.

Will be sold to the highest bidder, on Saturday the 22d of December next, on the premises,—All that desirable property, situate in the village of Lionville, opposite the Old Red Lion Tavern, in Uwchlan township, Chester county, Pa. Being the property of Friends' Boarding School, and late the residence of the superintendent of said school; distance from Philadelphia 30 miles, Downingtown 4 miles, Yellow Springs, 2 miles and Waynesburg 7 miles. It will be sold free of all encumbrances, as the corporation of said school are about to relinquish the business, having an old established stand in a rich neighborhood, and in a healthy situation. Containing one acre and 30 perches, with a handsome two story rough cast dwelling house, 40 feet by 25 feet, with three kitchens back and storehouses adjoining. The house is divided into three rooms on one story, with an entry and large room 22 feet square, included. On second story, 7 rooms and entry above; the whole having been lately painted, and is well finished throughout the house.

Also, one other house, and lot of ground, adjoining, with outbuildings, a well of good water, with pump, a variety of fruit trees and grape vines, just in bearing. All the above in good order.

Also, several building lots, in and near the said village. Likewise 4 lots of 2 acres each, within half a mile of said property. Persons wishing to examine the premises will please apply to the tenant.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock a.m. when the conditions will be made known by

JOHN MARSHALL,
WM. WILSON,
Committee of Friends' Boarding School.

nov 17—3t

For Sale,

The Engine and Machinery now in operation at No. 206 Callowhill street, consisting of

A 6 horse high pressure steam engine,
One wood cropper and rasp,
2 pair of mill stones,
1 pair of chasers,
1 mortar, and 1 Bottle mill.

The above machinery is in good working order, and is well calculated for grinding, cutting and preparing dye woods, dyeing of drugs and the chemical and grinding of dye woods.

The terms will be moderate. Part of the purchase will, if desired, be taken out in grinding, &c. SAM'L KIMBER.

nov 17—3t

To Manufacturers & Artists.

To Rent, the Third and Fourth Stories of the house at the S. W. Corner of Sansom and Chesnut streets—they are well lighted, having a southern exposure, and are admirably adapted to Manufacturers and Artists. They will be rented separately or together, as the case may be. Entrance from Chesnut street. For further particulars apply to

JOHN M'ALLISTER, Jr.
No. 27 Chesnut street, or
W. W. YOUNG,
No. 23 Bank street.

nov 17—3t

Misses C. & S. Johns,

Respectfully inform the Ladies of the city and vicinity of Philadelphia and elsewhere, that they have just opened at

A Splendid Millinery,

At No. 24 North Ninth street, and have now on hand, an extensive assortment of the latest

Paris and other Fashions.

Also, Ladies' Travelling Reticule, and Down Tippets, of all descriptions.

nov 10—6

Geo. W. Carpenter's

COMPOUND SYRUP OF LIVERWORT.

HEPATICA TRILOBA.

This plant has proved to be a safe and valuable medicine for Coughs, Diseases of Blood, Consumption, and Liver Complaints.

Most of the medicines made use of for the above diseases are of a drastic nature, compound generally of Mercury, Salts, Arsenic, in alcoholic solution, which although sometimes give temporary relief, in almost every instance, where they are frequently used, aggravate the disease and reduce the strength of the patient.

The article possesses superior advantages over these preparations, its action being of a more invigorating and strengthening nature, thus preventing the usual prostration consequent upon evacuation and gradually increasing the strength of the patient, and this without being attended with any contrary effects: it also agrees with the stomach in all cases, and is a pleasant and agreeable medicine to take.

It has generally been administered in the form of tea or decoction; this has now for the most part been improperly set aside by them on account with prejudice against preparations, as it has brought this medicine into disrepute, preventing its application in many cases where it otherwise would have proved highly useful and beneficial.

To guard against these improvements, and to bring before the public a concentrated preparation of this valuable and salutary plant, George W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the preparation of Compound Syrup of Liverwort, which will obviate all the disadvantages above mentioned, and will recommend itself to all who use it on account of its being made from the fresh plant, and the virtues considerably improved by the mode and superior manner in which it is prepared, which have been selected and proved.

Prepared and sold by GEO. W. CARPENTER,
At his Chemical Warehouse, No. 235 Market street, Philadelphia, a few doors below Fifteenth street. jan 28—1y

London and American Annuals for 1833.

LONDON ANNUALS.

The Pictorial Annual for 1833, or Travelling Sketches on the Rhine, and in Belgium and Holland, with 26 highly finished engravings from drawings, by Charlton & Archall, Esq., edited by Leitch Ritchie, Esq.

The Keepsake for 1833, with 19 splendid engravings, edited by Frederick Manuel Reynolds. This favorite annual I fully maintains the high degree of popularity.

Friendship's Offering and Winters' Wreath, (united) with 19 handsome engravings. This work will be found to possess high claims to rank as the first of the second class of annuals this year.

The Forget Me Not, with 11 engravings—edited by Fre leric Shoberl.

The Amulet—A Christian and Literary Remembrancer, by S. C. Hall, with 19 engravings.

The Juvenile Forget Me Not, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, with 10 engravings.

The Floral Offering, edited by Louisa Henrietta Sheridan, with 20 handsome embellishments.

AMERICAN ANNUALS.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, (united) with 20 engravings.

The Token or Affection's Gift, with 9 engravings.

For sale by JOHN M'KEWAN, Jr.
No. 26 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d. S. side.

☞ A handsome variety of ancient and modern Fancy and English fancy articles constantly for sale as above. nov 10—

A Card.

The subscribers inform their friends and the public, that they have entered into copartnership, under the firm of Ridgway & Parker, for the purpose of conducting the Dry Goods business, and have taken store No. 206 Market street, north side, between 2d and 3d, where all their goods may be had at a small advance.

J. PARKER RIDGWAY,
EDMUND DEACON.

nov 24—3t*

New Fur and Cap Store.

No. 143 South Fifth Street.—Caper, Peterson, Son Tupelo and Muffs of a variety of Furs—made in the best manner and of the latest fashion. Every article in the Fur and Cap line made to order, altered or repaired.

Wholesale, Fancy Cap makers. nov 24—3t*

Assignment.

Notice is hereby given, that Joseph Steward and Margaret his wife, late the township of Chester, in the county of Burlington and State of N. Jersey, have this day made an assignment to the subscribers, in trust for the general benefit of the creditors, of all his estate, real and personal. All persons having claims against said Joseph Steward, are hereby requested to present their accounts, as soon as possible, under oath or affirmation, properly to be authenticated, and those indebted are made payment.

JOSEPH HAYES,
THOMAS STILES, } Assignees.

Jan. 22, 1832. july 7—tf

Harvey L. Sellers,

Dental Surgeon, No. 230 Arch street, two doors above Tenth street. Office hours, 9 A. M. till 4 P. M.

Marshall's Ague & Fever Powders.

Are EFFECTUAL in taking away the ague and fever, and according to the directions, seldom if ever fail to cure, in the most inveterate case of fever and ague, after all other medicines had failed; and not one in a hundred has had occasion to take more than one, or at most two powders, to effect a cure.

They are also highly recommended to persons residing in damp situations, where ague and fever prevail, which, unless early attended to, injure the constitution and bring on a